VOL. CCVIII, No. 2711

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THE SPHERE, JANUARY 26, 1952
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The SPHERE

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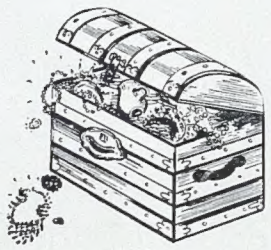
Treasure Hunt



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Volume CCVIII No. 2711 The SPHERE, London, January 26, 1952

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

CAPTAIN CARLSEN RECEIVES A HERO'S WELCOME IN NEW YORK—THE SKIPPER OF THE ILL-FATED "FLYING ENTERPRISE" IS ESCORTED UP LOWER BROADWAY BY A WEDGE PATTERN OF MARCHING CADETS OF THE MERCHANT MARINE ACADEMY, WHILE A SHOWER OF TICKER TAPE POURS DOWN FROM THE SURROUNDING BUILDINGS: Captain Carlsen stood up in the back seat of a car as he drove through to City Hall, there to receive the City Medal.

New York provided one of its traditional ticker-tape welcomes for Captain Henrik Kurt Carlsen (the reluctant hero) of the ill-fated *Flying Enterprise*. Captain Carlsen and his family came into New York in the coastguard cutter *Sauk*, and then there followed the drive and the inevitable blizzard of paper along Broadway to the City Hall, where Mayor Impellitteri presented the city's Medal of Honour. According to police estimates, about 300,000 people lined Lower Broadway. After leaving City Hall the procession halted at the Advertising Club, where Carlsen was presented with two scrolls, and where he turned down the offer of a gold watch from a well-wisher, once again emphasising that he was not willing to commercialise or cheapen the act for which he was being honoured. "What is your reaction to all this?" one newspaperman asked Captain Carlsen during the New York welcome. In a voice of great sincerity he declared: "I am overwhelmed. I am amazed. I realise now how much trouble I have stirred up. I have seen things like this in the news-reels, but somehow when you are in it yourself you sort of don't seem to fit."

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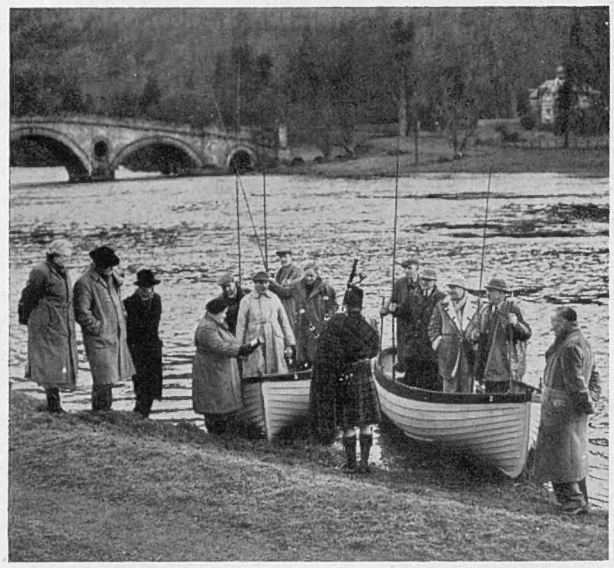
PIPING IN THE SALMON ON THE TAY



THE TAY ROD SALMON-FISHING SEASON IS INAUGURATED: While a piper plays the boat into the water, Miss A. Rae, the manageress of the Breadalbane Hotel, breaks a bottle of whisky over the bows of one of the boats.

POURING A DRAM OF WHISKY FOR PIPER ELLIOTT: Mr. Jimmy Dugg, the eighty-five-year-old veteran gillie, rewards the piper, who had helped to inaugurate the rod salmon-fishing season, in traditional fashion. Piper Elliott headed the procession of anglers as they marched from the Breadalbane Hotel to the boats. Fishing conditions were very poor on the opening day, the winds being high and the river in spate because of the melted snow. At the inauguration last year the anglers had to break the ice at one point before they could begin operations.

IN DERELICT ST. MARGARET'S BAY

REBUILDING THE SEA WALL OF "MILLIONAIRES' PLAYGROUND" AT ST. MARGARET'S BAY, KENT: This picture shows the desolation at St. Margaret's Bay as a crane preparing for the rebuilding moves some of the massive stonework thrown by heavy seas on to the beach below. On the left are the battered shells of what were once holiday mansions. The white house on the extreme right was until recently a residence of Noël Coward, who has now moved to Romney Marsh. Gangs of men from Dover and Deal are toiling throughout the day putting up sea defences costing £50,000. It is the first major project in Kent since the passing of the Coast Erosion Act. Demolition parties are at work pulling down what remains of the once glorious mansions of the wealthy along the promenade, which was used as a practice battleground for troops during the war. A huge mechanical excavator is at work clearing the ruins. More than three hundred tons of steel pilings and approximately 3,500 tons of concrete are being used in order to repair the breach in the sea wall protecting the front. Most of the residents have moved farther inland to St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe, where there are now about one thousand people established.

A London Newsletter

195-198 STRAND, W.C.2.

Confident, Not Cosy.—If radio "snaps" make our Premier look "too cosy an old man," that was not the impression he made on Congress last week. I suppose that that speech will rank among his greatest. He spoke for the free world and to the whole world, and, incidentally, gave some news to his own countrymen, too long starved of the facts by which to judge our national decisions and policies in the international assemblies. It is my prayer that the seeds he sowed in Congress may not wither in the hot winds of election year. Mr. Churchill went in, not with a threadbare cap in his hand, but as a world leader and maker of victory, and it was so that he came out. He made it a little clearer to the world (and to us at last) where we stand *vis-à-vis* Communist China, and that is a bit nearer America than we presumed; and what we expect from other nations vitally concerned with the Canal Zone, though it is not clear that Mr. Churchill asked for token troops from those nations at once. A solid gesture or declaration might do much to alleviate our position there. As to "parting with" the atom bomb prematurely, I do not think his warning unjustified, nor need it cause despair to the millions of men who loathe it and pray for its outlawing. There is no "law" in the world until the contending forces are more nearly equal in military manpower. Until that day, superiority in the hateful weapon is our sole security. But the day of equality need not be more than thirty months on. Most clear and welcome was the Premier's declaration on N.A.T.O. We have denuded our island of its minimum means of defence to police the world, and we cannot become a state or unit in a federation in Europe or elsewhere as well as a unit in our far-flung Commonwealth. But a faithful and effective ally . . . surely we have proved that guarantee.

A WORD WITH THE JOCKEY IN THE PADDOCK AT HURST PARK: The Queen and Princess Elizabeth with Bryan Marshall, who rode her horse Devon Loch in the Mortlake Novices Chase. Devon Loch came in second after a creditable display of jumping when making his first appearance as a steeplechaser, his previous performances having been over hurdles. The Queen travelled by air from Norfolk to London in order to attend this Hurst Park meeting, and later flew back to Marham R.A.F. station en route back to Sandringham to rejoin the King.

A Canal Zone Puzzle.—We are justified in being puzzled by America's attitude to our stand in the Canal Zone. We cannot help feeling—what perhaps America felt in the opening campaigns in Korea—that we are being left too much to hold the baby, and that a strong, united declaration by the United States, the United Kingdom, France and Turkey that a Canal Zone base is essential for Middle East defence, and that those Powers will never let it go, might help to bring back Egypt to a state of reason or sanity. I have felt the same, perhaps ignorant, petulance over America's flirtations with Mossadeq, whose morality can hardly commend itself to the *ideals* of the American Constitution. Meanwhile, in Egypt, hate of England stiffens Egyptian obstinacy. Egyptian youths, openly and deliberately trained and armed, infiltrate in parties into the Zone to snipe and wreck and murder. Our troops are killed and maimed, and when they reply in kind, they add a martyr to Egypt's calendar of saints. If we use a field-gun against these now trained commandos, we are accused, not only by the Egyptians, of shooting-up school-children. It is an intolerable position for General Erskine; it is a state of things which the United Nations is powerless to deal with. It is improbable that Mr. Churchill left it out of his agenda in Washington. We can only hope that when Parliament meets, we shall hear that something came of that particular item for discussion.

Malaya.—That Mr. Lyttelton brought back a bitter bunch of grapes from his visit to Malaya we learned "between the lines." His report to the Cabinet occupied some of Mr. Churchill's last hours before he sailed for America. General Templer's appointment, as High Commissioner for the Federation, is not a job which any ambitious or cool-headed soldier would leap at. It is a reputation-grave job. It is a job in which a man is invited to work miracles against an elusive enemy, with his hands tied and his eyes blindfold. The odd thing is that the Alice-in-Wonderland organisation of the vital forces and services in Malaya was the subject of scathing commentary over here two years ago, and again when the chief offices, civil, police, military, were last reshuffled. Every chief executive tramples on the territory of the next, there is dual or treble responsibility for this or that vital task, with the result that nothing can be done constructively or wholeheartedly. And when some plan is agreed, it must receive the consent of a number of native rulers of the Federation which is looking forward to self-government. The job of cleaning up a state of things which has continually grown worse was never a purely military job. Politically and in civil administration, reforms and improvements and improvisation are no less vital than the concentration of military force to break the power of the bandits. But those military and civilian functions cannot be efficiently carried out by the same man. A military chief with authority over the police and civil defence forces should be given a free hand in the military sphere, and he should be enabled to work hand-in-hand with a Civil Administrator for the Federation. Over all is the Commissioner for South-East Asia, a man of great experience and generally popular. If his powers are nebulous, they should be more clearly defined. Singapore, if it has not the same urgent problems, is none the less a vital part of the area of danger and trouble. For two years or more the military, the police and the civil authorities have worked in watertight compartments, responsible only to the Chief Commissioner, yet sharing their combined duties piecemeal. And three years ago there was general agreement in the Press and in Parliament that this antiquated form of administration and divided responsibility *simply could not work*!

Ike and the Big Fight.—Europe and America may differ as to the definition of 1952's Big Fight. In the U.S.A. it is unquestionably a fight between Republicans and Democrats. In Europe it may be held to be a fight between Western security and Communist aggression. Where does "Ike" stand? At the end of 1952, will he work at the White House or at Versailles? Mr. Truman thinks that "Ike" is doing a good job in Europe, a job to be preferred to that of dodging rotten eggs in a Presidential Election. Mr. Truman firmly believes that America would not prosper under a Republican President. Until yesterday he believed that "Ike," if indeed a party man, was a Democrat. These two key-men have exchanged written guarantees. "Ike" guarantees to stay on the job in Europe until Truman releases him. Truman guarantees to release him only at "Ike's" request. These statements do not appear to me to make the position of the Primaries any clearer, but it is not *my* subject. No doubt Alistair Cooke in his lucid way will tell us how matters stand. My degrees of interest in a Presidential Election, a cup-tie and a prize-fight are as like as three peas: small and cold. There is plenty of time still for "Ike" to throw his hat in the ring—several months. Meanwhile, it is Chatham and Strachan; with some paper guarantees keeping them in their relative positions with a big ocean separating them. In a matter of hours they could be on opposite sides of the street in the same city.

Fines or Flea-bites.—The L.C.J. spoke to magistrates at the opening of Dorset Assizes, and he was much more "humane" than was his predecessor there, L.C.J. Jeffreys. He spoke of penalties for cruelty to children, and urged J.P.s, when the nature of the charge admitted, to commit for trial, or remit for sentence, to Quarter Sessions or Assizes, where a fit punishment can be imposed. In cases of

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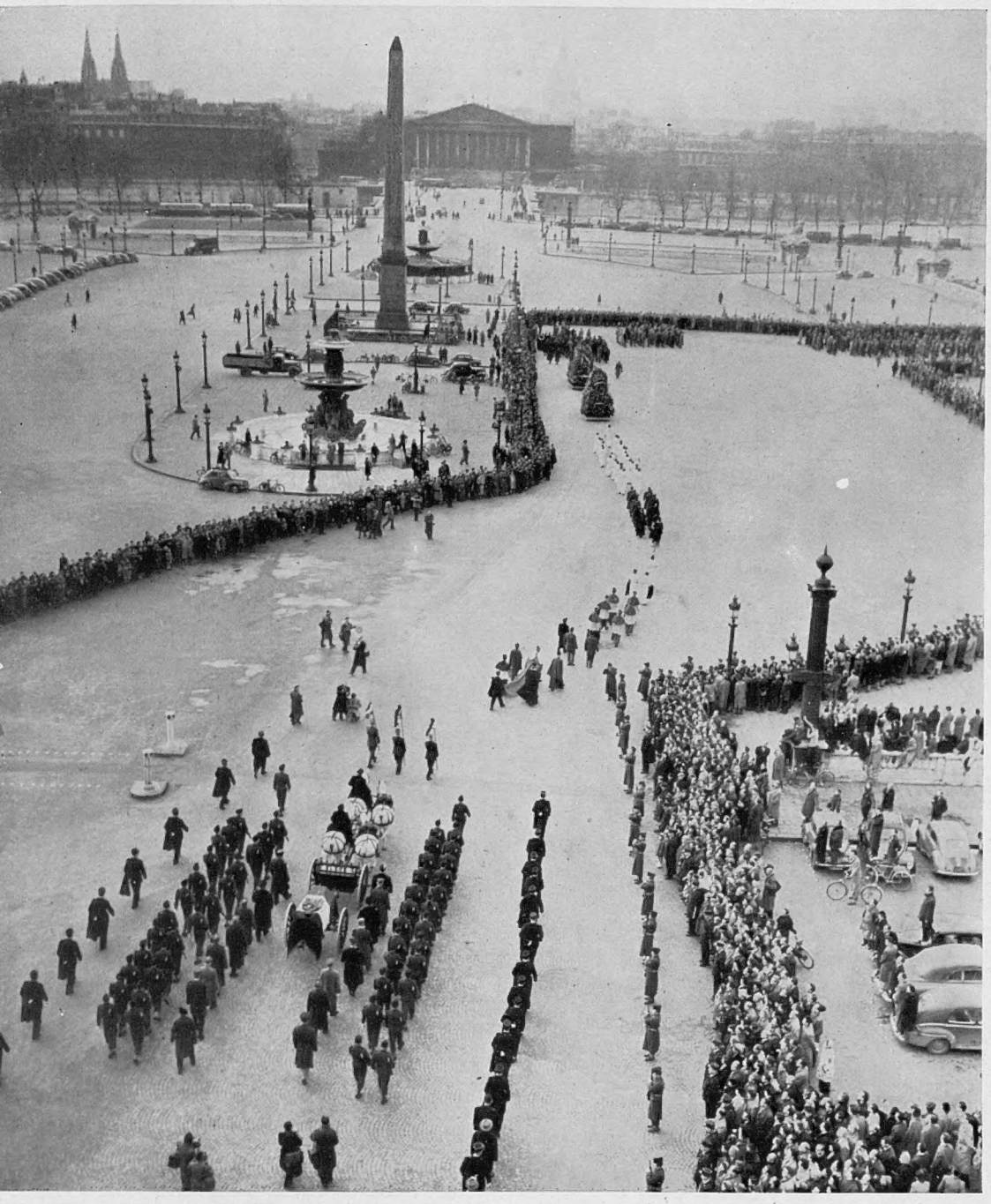


THE STATE FUNERAL OF MARSHAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY : This overhead view taken above the Place de la Concorde shows the funeral cortège, flanked by its pall-bearers, passing through the heart of Paris. Among the pall-bearers were General of the Army Eisenhower, Supreme Commander in Europe, and his deputy, Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery. At a ceremony at the Arc de Triomphe, President Auriol conferred on the dead soldier the rank of Marshal of France, and then the procession continued to Notre Dame for the funeral service. Later the procession re-formed and the coffin was taken to the Invalides, there to await the last journey to Mouilleron-en-Pareds in the Vendee, Western France, where the Marshal has now been laid to rest in the family vault. Mouilleron was the Marshal's birthplace, and also that of Clemenceau. At Rambouillet, the cathedral city of Chartres, Le Mans and other points en route to the west, crowds assembled to do honour to the Marshal.

THE NEW FRENCH PRIME MINISTER : M. Edgar Fauré, who was elected Prime Minister by the French National Assembly in the early hours of January 18, receiving 401 votes as against 101. M. Fauré, Minister of Labour in the last Government, that of M. Pleven, is a new figure in the Prime Minister's chair. A successful barrister, with a fine record during the occupation, M. Fauré made his début in politics in 1946. At the age of 43 he is the youngest Premier since the Republican regime was inaugurated after the war of 1870.

THE TWIN-ENGINED NORTH-EAST AIRLINES CONVAIR, INBOUND FROM BOSTON WITH THIRTY-THREE PASSENGERS, CRASHED IN NEW YORK'S EAST RIVER, AND IS SEEN HERE AS IT WAS LIFTED FROM THE WATER BY CRANE : Although the transport plane began to sink the moment it hit the water, the thirty-three passengers and the three members of the crew were saved. Fortunately crew and passengers remained calm, and this, coupled with the fact that a rescue craft was in the vicinity, led to the fortunate outcome. The only passenger seriously hurt was a man who sustained a broken leg.

HELPLESS IN THE HIGH SIERRA MOUNTAINS, 177 MILES EAST OF SAN FRANCISCO : This aerial view shows the snowbound trans-American express, which was stuck fast in the snowdrifts for four days. Eventually, when the weather conditions improved somewhat, the chilled travellers were transferred to cars which made their way through to the site behind snow tractors. The travellers were then driven to various mountain lodges bordering on the main continental highway between Yuba Gap and Emigrant Gap. Rescue operations were carried out by the California Highway Department.

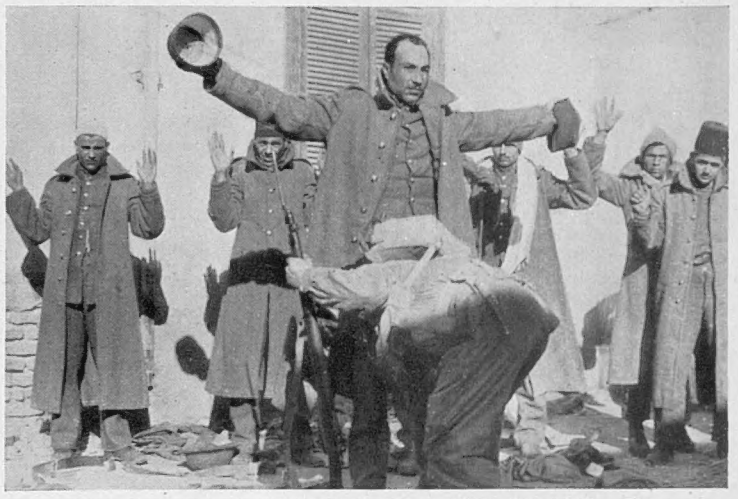
THE RAID ON TEL-EL-KEBIR

During this Search British Troops Took Prisoner 130 Heavily-armed Egyptian Policemen

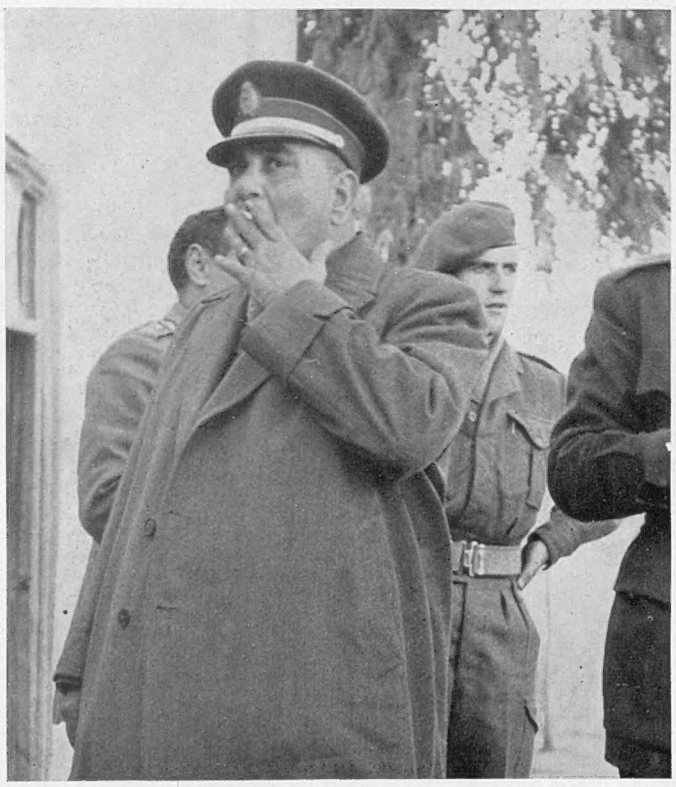
General Sir George Erskine, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt, has clearly shown that the sternest measures will be taken by the forces at his disposal to counter the menace of semi-official attacks on his men and military installations by the so-called Liberation Battalions, who seem to have the support of the Egyptian police and the blessings of the Egyptian Government. The heavy attack launched from Tel-el-Kebir and El Hammada by young "commandos" from Cairo was countered a few days later by a thorough search of the area and during this operation 130 Egyptian police, together with their Inspector-General and his staff, were taken prisoner. The attitude of the Egyptian police has all along presented an enigma; at times they have covertly supported the terrorists but, as with the fighting last week-end at Ismailia, British authorities have reported some degree of co-operation from them. Mr. Churchill's appeal for token forces of the United Nations to support British troops guarding the Canal Zone has been tragically emphasised by the death of Sister Anthony, the American nun who was shot in the recent Ismailia battle. Other pictures from the Canal Zone appear on page 122 of this issue.

EGYPTIAN POLICE ARE LED AWAY CAPTIVE: With their hands safely but uncomfortably resting on their heads, some of the 130 Egyptian police taken prisoner in the raid on Tel-el-Kebir are marched off.

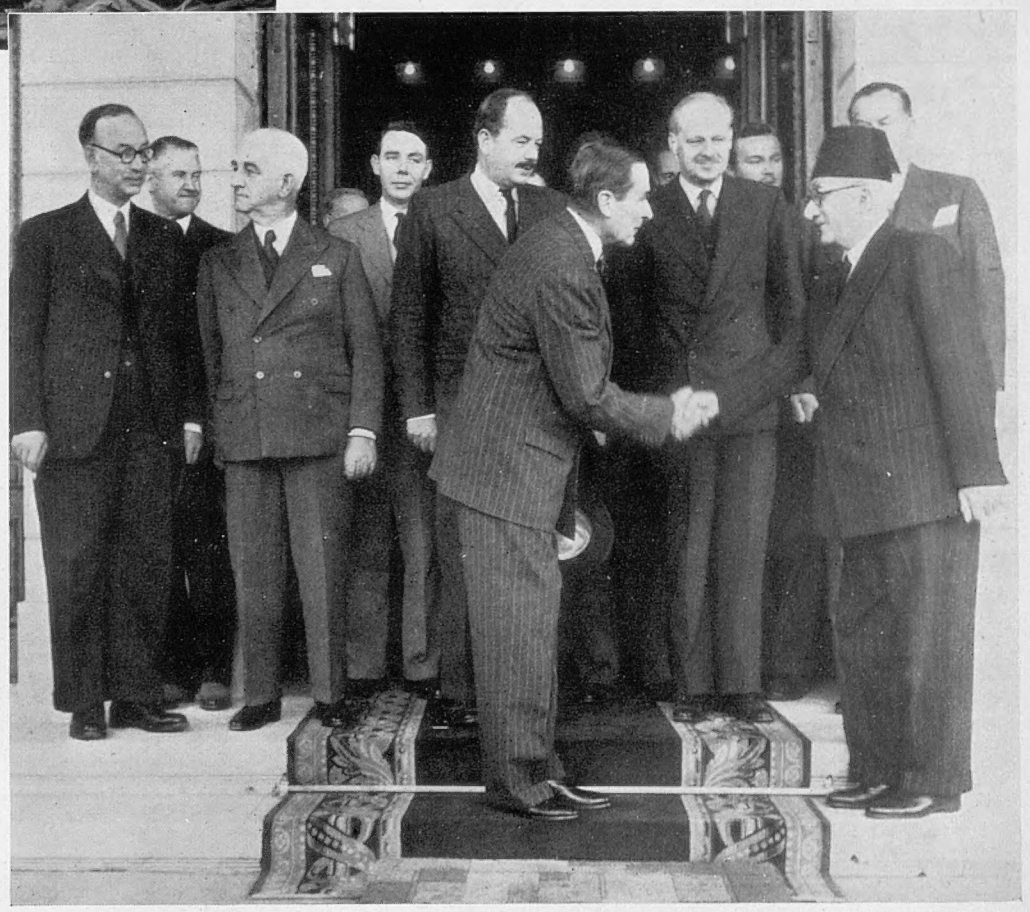
AFTER THE ROUND-UP—EGYPTIAN "BOBBIES" SURRENDER THEIR ARMS: Their tin-hats and rifles lie in a heap before them. The men were "taken into custody" by Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, who raided their police-station at Tel-el-Kebir.



SEARCHING ONE OF THE POLICEMEN FOR CONCEALED ARMS: The police-station at Tel-el-Kebir normally has a garrison of twelve, but British troops found 130 there. They were disarmed and taken prisoner.



THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF EGYPTIAN POLICE, WHO WAS TAKEN PRISONER IN THE RAID ON TEL-EL-KEBIR: The Inspector-General, Lewa Mohammed Abdu Raouf, told his captors that he happened to be in the village on routine inspection. Later, after a strong protest was received from the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior, the Inspector-General was released.



BRITISH CONGRATULATIONS ON THE BIRTH OF KING FAROUK'S SON: In this picture the British Ambassador to Egypt, Sir Ralph Stevenson, is seen shaking hands with King Farouk's Grand Chamberlain after entering his name in the Royal register at Abdin Palace on the occasion of the Crown Prince's birth. The heir to Egypt's throne will be called Prince Ahmed Fouad, after his grandfather, King Fouad of Egypt. An official announcement said that the birth "heralds a new era in Egypt's history." King Farouk, who is thirty-one, has long dreamed of a son. His previous marriage to Queen Farida, which lasted ten years, produced three daughters. The marriage was dissolved in 1948 and the King married Queen Narriman last May.

THE PROGRESS OF THE PROTOTYPE OF THE BRISTOL 175, THE NEW BRITANNIA, WHICH IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE FILTON WORKS OF THE BRISTOL AEROPLANE COMPANY: Since information was first released about this 100-passenger plane there have been advances in the direction of greater economy, and, fitted with the latest mark of Proteus turbo-prop, performance and load figures are expected to be even better than were forecast. The cruising speed will be in the region of 360 m.p.h. This aeroplane was conceived by B.O.A.C. as a medium-range transport for use on the Empire routes, being complementary to the de Havilland Comet.

BUILDING THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA

THE NEW 100-PASSENGER AIRLINER UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT FILTON; AND THE FIRST FLIGHT PICTURE OF THE DELTA FIGHTER

When the Bristol Type 175, now known as the Britannia, was first mooted it was decided to make it suitable for piston or airscrew turbine engines, and it was, in fact, regarded as an insurance against the possibility of turbine-powered aircraft under development for B.O.A.C. being delayed. Three prototypes were ordered by the Ministry of Supply late in 1947, and in November 1948 B.O.A.C. announced that it was planning to order twenty-five of these machines. A contract was signed for this quantity in July 1949. Plans at that time were for one prototype, and the first few production aircraft were to have four Centaurus engines, subsequent models to be fitted with four Proteus airscrew turbines. Early in 1950, as part of an economy programme, B.O.A.C. decided to drop the Centaurus version entirely, and to proceed with all possible speed with the Proteus version. Fitted with the Proteus turbo-props, the Britannia should be a notable addition to the B.O.A.C. service when she comes into operation in 1954, her task being to operate complementary services on the shorter Empire routes in relation to the Comet, which will bestride whole continents at greater speeds. Perhaps the best analogy would be to liken the Britannia to a fast train to Bristol as compared with the Comet, which could be likened to the Cornish Riviera Express. The Britannia, with a larger capacity than the Comet and a slower speed, will appear in two versions, the 75-seat version and the 100-seat version. A five-abreast 75-seat arrangement is foreseen as the luxury layout in this airliner.

THE SLENDER GRACE OF THE BRITANNIA: This is another overhead view taken in the Filton works and showing the new 100-passenger airliner under construction. In aspect the great machine appears not unlike the more celebrated Bristol Brabazon.

THE HUNTER OF ATOM BOMBERS: Here, seen in the air for the first time, is Britain's first operational twin-engined Delta fighter, the new Gloster GA 5 of the Hawker Siddeley Group. "Although its speed, range, armament and radar gear are secret," says Mr. Percy Crabbe, Gloster General Manager, "it is clear that the GA 5 is better qualified than any other aircraft in the world to destroy atom bombers from any country that might declare itself the enemy of the free world." Powered by two record-breaking Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire jets, and with the vast resources, experience and research knowledge of the Hawker Siddeley Group behind it, the GA 5 is an all-weather, day and night, long-range machine, officially labelled a "multi-purpose fighter." As this picture was released, Mr. T. O. Sopwith, Hawker Siddeley Group chairman, said in London: "Although our experimental prototypes have led the world for years, the R.A.F. is still flying with aeroplanes which are obsolescent. In the haste of disarmament, orders for the more modern aircraft were not placed in time to ensure that we could out-class a potential enemy. We had the types, but not the production orders."

A FOREIGN COMMENTARY

With Notes By

FERDINAND TUOHY

On right—

The Great Mont Blanc Tunnel.—As part of the growing tendency for France and Italy to help one another, there is a good chance that the scheme for a highway tunnel under Mt. Blanc may presently pass into the realm of construction. An exploratory tunnel 400 yards long was bored in 1948-49, when conditions were found to be favourable. On the Italian side, the tunnel would begin by the foot of the Brenva Glacier (bottom left on photograph), near Courmayer. The French boring has been fixed at a point 4,250 ft. high, close to Chamonix.

The tunnel will be nearly 8 miles long, 20 ft. wide and 17 ft. high. Ventilation is facilitated by the incline of 250 ft. from the Italian entrance. Work might take three years, mostly Italian labour, for which an Alpine village, families complete, is envisaged. The estimate is that an average of 1,000 lb. of explosives will be needed daily. Cost will be partly borne by private enterprise, which will be recouped from toll charges—it is believed that 500,000 people, overwhelmingly awheel, and 200,000 tons of freight will pass through the tunnel annually.

Mt. Blanc was chosen because it towers above the crucial routes between south-east and north-east Europe. The road will shorten the distance between Paris and Rome from 900 to 1,050 miles (according to route) to 840. But it is in winter that it will triumph, for at present drivers still have to go right round by the Riviera. Nor should the value of the tunnel be overlooked from the standpoint of the defence of the West. It would add to existing advantage in mobility.

THE FORMIDABLE MASSIF OF MONT BLANC, BENEATH WHICH A NEW TUNNEL IS TO BE DRIVEN: This picture is taken from the Italian side of the massif, and shows (bottom left centre) the foot of the Brenva Glacier, where tunnelling would begin. The decision of the French Government to make a beginning on the tunnel was announced in Geneva on January 11.

EDOUARD HERRIOT LEAVING THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE AFTER CONSULTATION WITH PRESIDENT AURIOL REGARDING THE GOVERNMENTAL INTERREGNUM: M. Herriot, who suffers from phlebitis, is seen leaning heavily upon a stick and upon the arm of one of the President's servants. M. Herriot will celebrate his eightieth birthday on July 5.

On right—

A Strange Priest with a Strange Past.—The "Red Dean" must look to his laurels. While Canon John Collins was fluttering the dovecotes from St. Paul's (though no party to godless Communism), Pastor Martin Niemoller went to Moscow and back. Invited by the Patriarch of the Russian Orthodox Church, the Pastor's declared purpose was to discuss relations between this body and the Christian Church outside the Soviet Union, and the position of German prisoners of war still in Russian hands. He got no satisfaction over the prisoners, and whatever passed on the religious score, the Russian Church is now demonstrably used by Stalinism. More likely did the Politburo sanction Niemoller's coming in order to hear what he had to say on the East-West situation. The Pastor interests the Russians for his stand against rearming Germans for Western defence and for a neutralised Germany . . . very appetising to the Kremlin

PASTOR NIEMOLLER IN MOSCOW: The Pastor (left) conferring with Patriarch Alexey (centre) and the Metropolitan Nykolai during his recent visit.

This strange priest has a stranger past: U-boat commander in the First War, happy days under Hindenburg, subsequent opponent of Hitler, but escaped serious penalty even in the *débâcle* years (1944-45), now head of the Evangelical Church in important Hesse (U.S. Zone, Wiesbaden), and director of the foreign department for all Germany. His influence over young Germans, so many of whom have still to make up their minds, politically, has to be taken into consideration by the Bonn Government. Pastor Niemoller is a German of the strong Nationalist school which throbs in roaring *Deutschland Uber Alles*.

On left—

The Bear of Lyons. — Edouard Herriot is France's most respected elder statesman. He missed what he wanted to be—President—but has been Mayor of Lyons since before the First War, and has just been re-elected Speaker of the National Assembly. Senator Cachin (Communist) received a paltry 88 votes.

M. Herriot's first duty was to advise President Auriol as to whom he should summon to form a Government in place of M. Pleven's. On the brink of eighty, "the Bear of Lyons," as he used to be called from his all-fur coat and massive build, now has to lean heavily on stick and proffered arm. Phlebitis, but he really never got over his confinement in Berlin in 1944-45.

His second duty fell well within the compass of this Radical-Socialist (Liberal) statesman, who is also an author of much distinction. Bidding Parliament's farewell to Marshal de Lattre, he conjured his sweep from Elba to Berchtesgaden via the Riviera and Rhine. "This is the classic French dash. It is Condé, hastening from Rocroi to Lens, but a Condé whose national loyalty is intractable."

The political crisis came about through moves to reduce the huge deficits being piled up annually by the State railways and the Social Services. It is akin to the Churchill Government being thrown out for wanting to reduce schooling extravagance. But, alas, France hasn't the right machinery for banging the party heads together.

More and more French people realise that De Gaulle probably has the solution—augmented executive power at the centre—but cannot face having the General governing them.

It is unlikely that these French Governmental voids hold up Western defence to the extent claimed. High permanent Civil Servants carry on with long-planned measures until the next Premier arrives—in the present instance about the fifteenth since the Liberation, though several have been repetitive.

On right—

Kings and Communism.—Egyptians could not be expected to miss the chance of showing their present blind Anglophobia when a Russian fishing-fleet with tankers—thirty-four vessels in all—passed through the Suez Canal on the way to Vladivostock. At Port Said, the Russians were moored close to vessels of the Royal Navy, but there were no compliments—only language difficulties over berthing in the absence of Egyptian labour.

Not so with the Egyptians, who came forth in their hundreds to greet the visitors from the North, waving and shouting pro-Russian slogans. Some observers even saw a connection between the strikes and stoppages at Port Said, and the passage of the Soviet ships.

These provoked two comments. A midshipman said a tanker was equipped with capstans instead of winches, and that the crew was "not particularly seamanlike." A British correspondent was struck by the smartness of the fishing-fleet and the remarkable youthfulness of the crews.

It would bode ill for King Farouk if the pro-Soviet sentiments expressed on the Canal correspond to similar feeling in the crowded towns of the Nile Delta. Kings and Communism are incompatible, whatever smoke-screen may be temporarily put up. King Michael of Rumania lasted longest, and was lucky to get away with his life, if not much else.

THE LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY WAS A BARRIER TO BRISK TRADING: Egyptian merchants bargaining with Russian sailors of the *Kaliningrad* as the vessel passed through the Suez Canal area with other units of the Russian fishing-fleet. The members of the crew had some sterling.

"HUNGARY IS ONLY WAITING FOR THE DAY OF LIBERATION FROM SOVIET SUPPRESSION": Thus spake Monsignor Josef Kozi Hovart, President of the Union of Democratic Parties of Central Europe and President of the Popular Hungarian Christian Movement, now in exile in Rome, as he addressed a recent Press conference in the city. Friction between the Hungarian Government and the Vatican has increased steadily since May 1950, when in a speech to the Central Committee of the Communist Party Revai insisted that all party members must renounce religion and that no party official must allow his children to receive religious instruction in school. The trials of Cardinal Mindzenty, Bishop Lajos Ordas and Archbishop Grosz later combined to make clear the pattern of Communist oppression, but it was a remarkable fact that last July the Hungarian Roman Catholic Bench of Bishops took an oath of loyalty to Hungary's People's Republic.

SWEDEN'S ROYAL LADIES AT THE STATE OPENING OF THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENT: Watching from the tribune are Princess Birgitta, Princess Sibylla, wife of the late Prince Gustav Adolf, Queen Louise, consort of King Gustav Adolf, Princess Marghareta and Princess Desiree. Queen Louise, who has been ill for nearly a year, made her first re-appearance at the recent Nobel Prizegiving. At last week's State opening the gathering heard the King declare in his inaugural speech the necessity for new measures for strengthening the Swedish defences and also the necessity for an extension of the period of military service. There is also to be a new seven-years naval building programme. It is understood that Swedish expenditure on defence will be about £103,800,000 in the coming fiscal year out of a total budgetary expenditure of £470,235,000. The Budget laid before Parliament showed a total estimated revenue of £543,160,000, giving a surplus of £73,000,000.

On right—

With the R.A.R.'s in the Middle East.—First Commonwealth troops to serve as a unit in the Canal Zone are the Rhodesian African Rifles, who sailed from Beira, Portuguese East Africa, after a review in Salisbury by H.E. the Governor, Sir John Kennedy. The Rifles constitute a permanent native regiment. Twenty-five European officers and N.C.O.s and 400 Africans take up general duties in the Canal Zone, primarily as a labour force but equipped for any eventuality.

The last time the regiment left Rhodesia was for service in the Burma campaign.

Anticipating a possible further deterioration in the labour position at Port Said and Suez and along the Canal, Britain has asked Norway if she can assist the Royal Navy in maintaining traffic. Norway was approached before other and larger maritime Powers because the Norwegians are second only to the British as principal users of the Canal. Since the trouble started in October over 220 Norwegian vessels, mostly heavy tankers, have passed through.

Norway could contribute to best advantage navigation pilots and harbour officials. Without Egyptian labour, the task of berthing falls entirely on the Royal Navy "when ships are not prepared to use their own boats for the purpose." A pity that some of these beneficiaries from de Lesseps' great work can't be persuaded to use their own boats!

THE REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR OF THE RHODESIAN AFRICAN RIFLES ACTS AS INTERPRETER: He was translating for the benefit of the troops the speech of Sir John Kennedy, Southern Rhodesia's Governor, before the unit left Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, for the Suez Canal Zone.

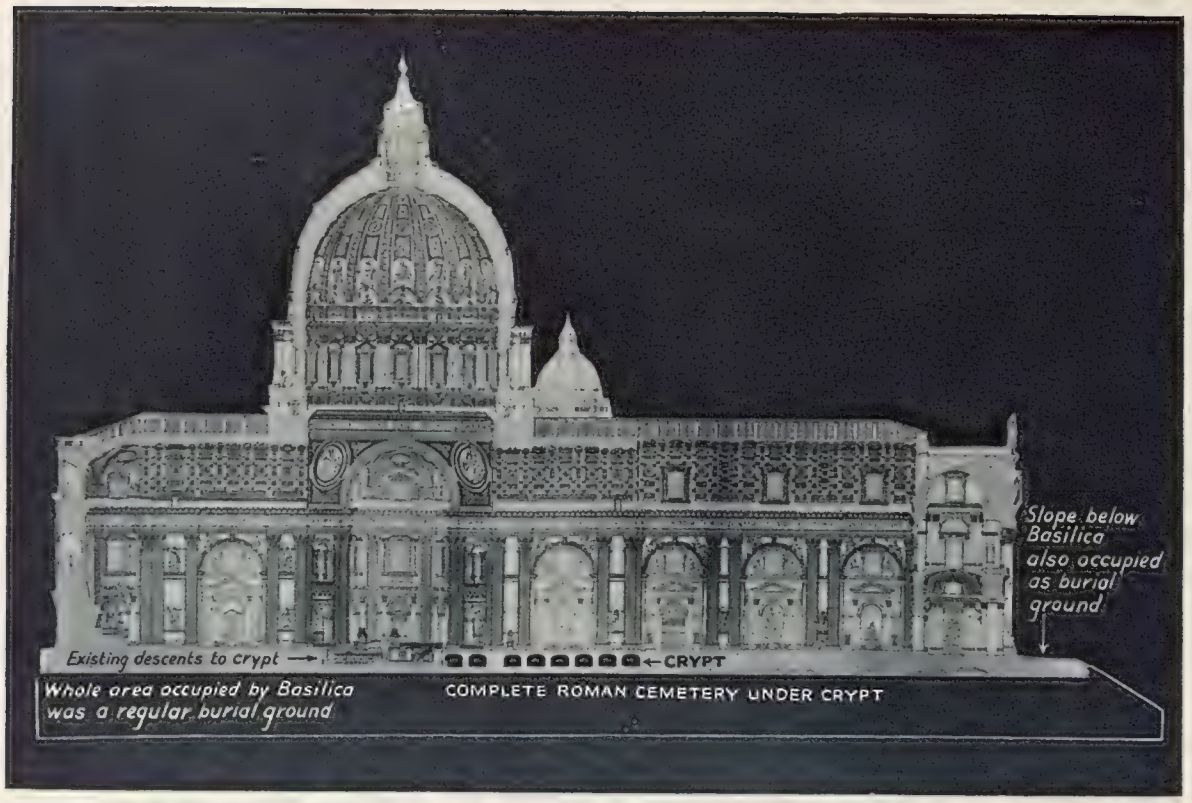
On right—

Vadim Reports.—Sergeant "Vadim Burin," twenty-three, who went over to the British in Austria, is one of the most informative deserters to date. Though everything is taken warily, in case of a "plant," his statements at a prolonged Press examination are at least a valuable check.

Vadim reports—that the paucity of deserters is due to confiscation of property and deportation; that the officers listen "in boxes" to Western broadcasts, but that the men's sets can only hear Moscow; that the collective farmers' life is one of continual struggle to get enough to eat; that there is deep dissatisfaction among the rank and file of the Red Army, despite much better treatment than civilians get; but that only politically reliable soldiers are allowed to visit their homes.

They are told that the West is starving, with much unemployment, and that a West-provoked war is inevitable. There are severe penalties for fraternisation, lest the truth about the West should become known. Vadim comes from north of Moscow, wants to campaign actively against the Stalinist regime.

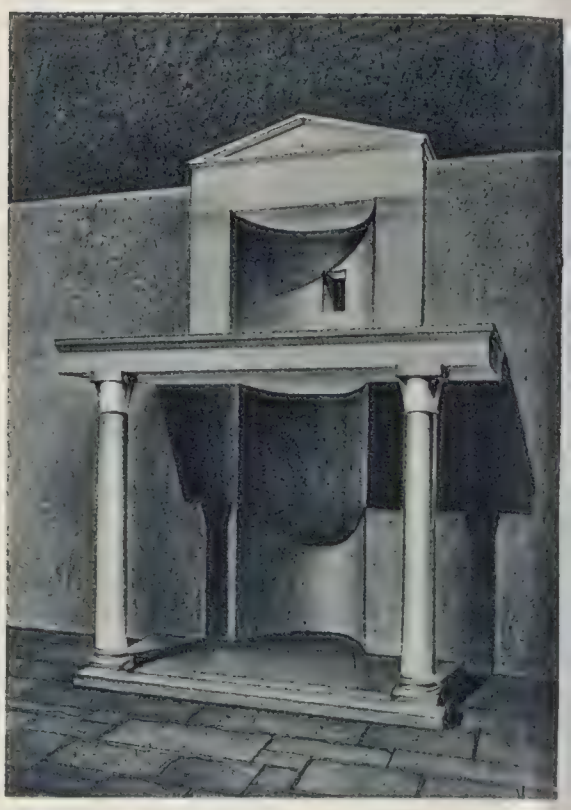
THE TESTIMONY OF SERGEANT VADIM BAYKHIN DEMIDOVITCH: The former Sergeant of the Guards Rifle Division seen (right) at a Press conference at Graz after his desertion.



WHERE A COMPLETE ROMAN CEMETERY HAS BEEN FOUND, INCLUDING WHAT THE VATICAN CLAIMS TO BE INDISPUTABLY THE REMAINS OF ST. PETER'S TOMB: This sectional drawing of the great Basilica of St. Peter's, Rome, shows the area beneath it which has been the scene of the discovery of many pagan and early-Christian tombs dating from the middle of the second to the end of the third century A.D. The discovery was made when it was found necessary to lower the level of the floor of the crypt in order to provide more space and a better arrangement for the tombs of the Popes. Pope Pius XII at once suggested a complete archæological investigation of the whole area, and it was during this investigation that definite conclusions were reached regarding the site of St. Peter's tomb. The official Vatican report on the investigations has just been issued in the form of two sumptuous volumes.

ST. PETER'S TOMB LOCATED BENEATH ST. PETER'S

The Vatican Makes Known its Great Discovery



PROTECTING THE SHRINE OF ST. PETER: This is a reconstruction of the altar which was built in the second century in front of the tomb of the great apostle. The excavators beneath St. Peter's have noted the marked care taken from century to century to guard this shrine of the Christian faith, and it is this fact that has led the Vatican to believe that the recently-discovered remains can be none other than those of St. Peter's tomb.

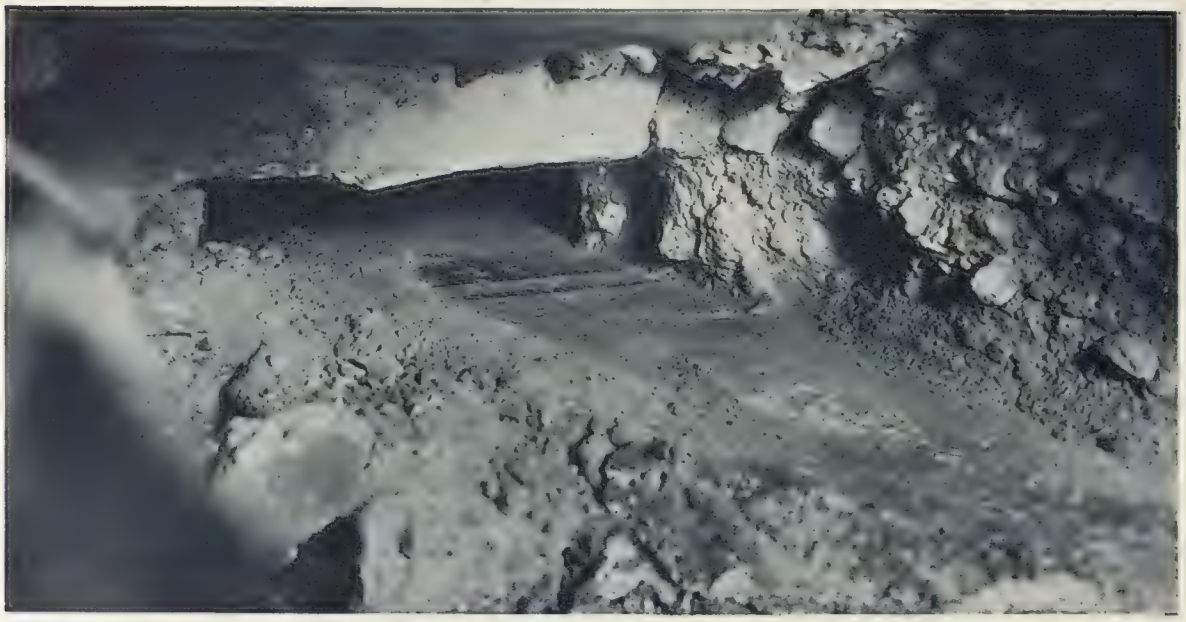
Tradition has it that St. Peter, after his wide-ranging missionary career, suffered like St. Paul, a violent death in Rome, being crucified under Nero's persecution.

Evidence on the point has never been conclusive, but in the pages of Tertullian and other writers, there are repeated suggestions that the Romans were instructed by Peter and Paul, and Origen relates that at his own request Peter was crucified by the Romans head downwards. Eusebius dates the arrival of Peter in Rome as A.D. 43 and he gives his martyrdom as having taken place twenty-five years later. It is more probable, however, that the martyrdom took place during the persecution of Christians in A.D. 64. Sir W. M. Ramsay, in his *Church in the Roman Empire*, took a different line, urging that Peter survived until A.D. 80 and was martyred under the Flavian Emperors. What does emerge from all this conflicting evidence is the one clear fact of St. Peter's presence in Rome.

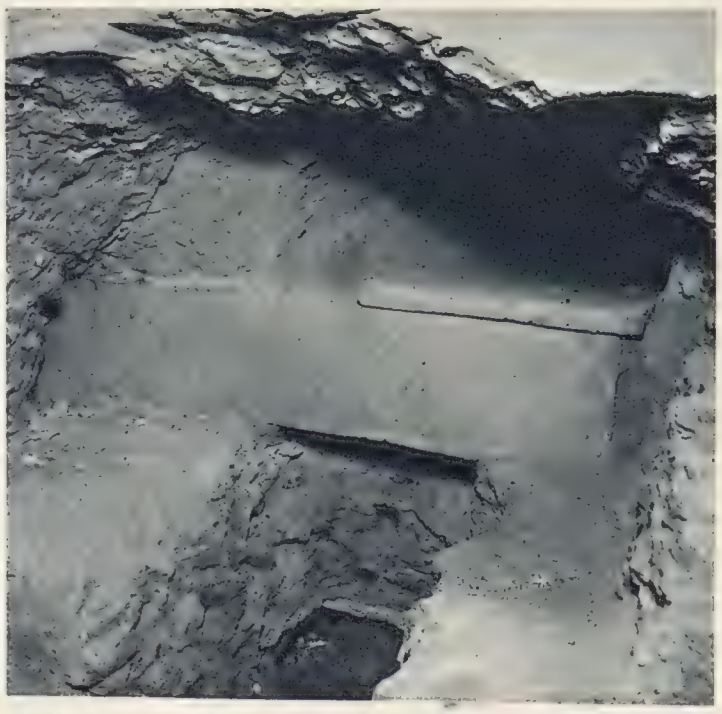
Now comes the no less clear-cut assertion from the Vatican that St. Peter's place of burial lies beneath the mighty Basilica, and in the days just before Christmas, Professor Pietro Romanelli, Superintendent of antiquities for the Forum and for Ostia, who has himself taken no part in the recent Vatican excavations, let it be known that he considers these excavations belong "with moral certainty" to St. Peter's tomb. This viewpoint conforms clearly enough with that expressed by Caius in the third century, who asserted that Peter and Paul were buried in the Vatican area.

The recent discoveries and assertions, which are set out in two sumptuous new volumes prepared at the behest of Mgr. Kaas, the Superintendent of the Fabric of St. Peter's, take us back to 1940 when work was begun in the crypt of St. Peter's, known as the Old Grottoes, for the purpose of providing more space and a better arrangement for the tombs of the Popes and the various royal personages buried there. To this end it was necessary to lower the level of the floor of the crypt, and while this was being done an unsuspected Roman tomb monument was brought to light. The Pope at once suggested a complete archæological investigation of the site, and as a result there was revealed a complete Roman cemetery, with pagan and early-Christian tombs. It was soon realised that the whole area beneath the Basilica, and the slope below it, had formerly been a burial ground, and not the site of the Circus, which many believed it to be. The Circus probably lay just to the south of the Grottoes.

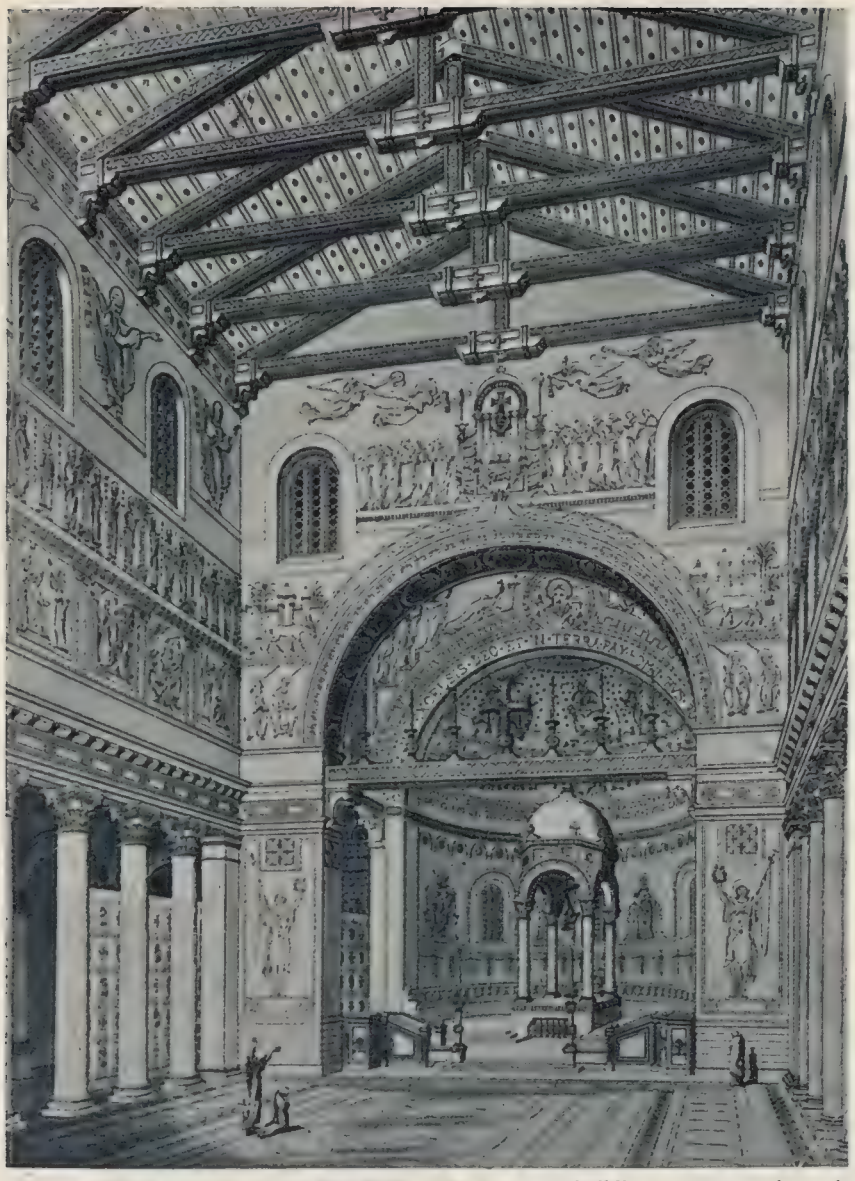
The cemetery, as it is now revealed after a decade of excavation, comprises a series of vaults or mausoleums ranged into two parallel lines separated by a narrow passage. The façades of these burial-chambers were in part destroyed to make way for the foundations of the Basilica of Constantine, which was the first church to be built on the site. The first mausoleum, beginning from the east, is that of a certain C. Popilius Heracla, and the inscription over the entrance records that the dead man wished to be buried "in the Vatican near the Circus."



THE RECENTLY EXCAVATED MOSAIC PAVEMENT BENEATH ST. PETER'S: This lies in an area at a level slightly higher than that of the oldest known tombs, and, according to Professor Romanelli, "it belongs with moral certainty to St. Peter's tomb."

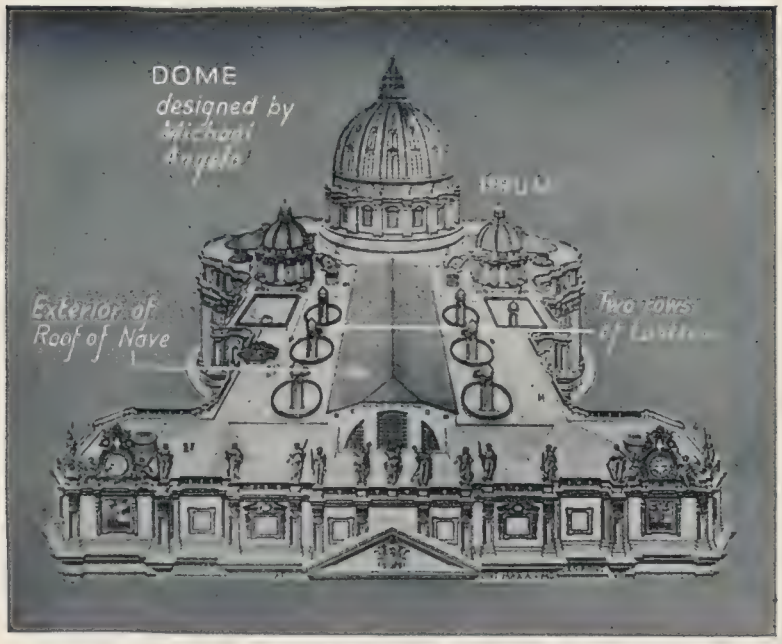


IN THE GREAT ROMAN CEMETERY BENEATH THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S: *Left*—This marble pillar, near the burial-place of the apostle, formed part of the memorial at which pilgrims prayed in centuries gone by, coming from all parts of the known world to pay tribute to St. Peter. A reconstruction of the memorial appears at the head of this page. *Right*—One of the newly-discovered Christian tombs. Within them have been discovered sarcophagi with ornamentation depicting scenes from the Testaments. One of them shows the sale of Joseph by his brethren.



THE ANCIENT BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE : This famous building was torn down in order to make way for St. Peter's, but part of its foundations can still be seen to-day, and it can also be observed how these foundations considerably disturbed some of the original tombs in the cemetery area beneath St. Peter's.

THIS WALL WAS ERECTED BY CONSTANTINE, FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR OF ROME, TO GUARD THE BURIAL-PLACE OF ST. PETER : The great apostle was apparently buried in a simple grave, and Constantine built the reinforcing wall as a means of protection for the holy place, which from year to year was visited by hosts of pilgrims.



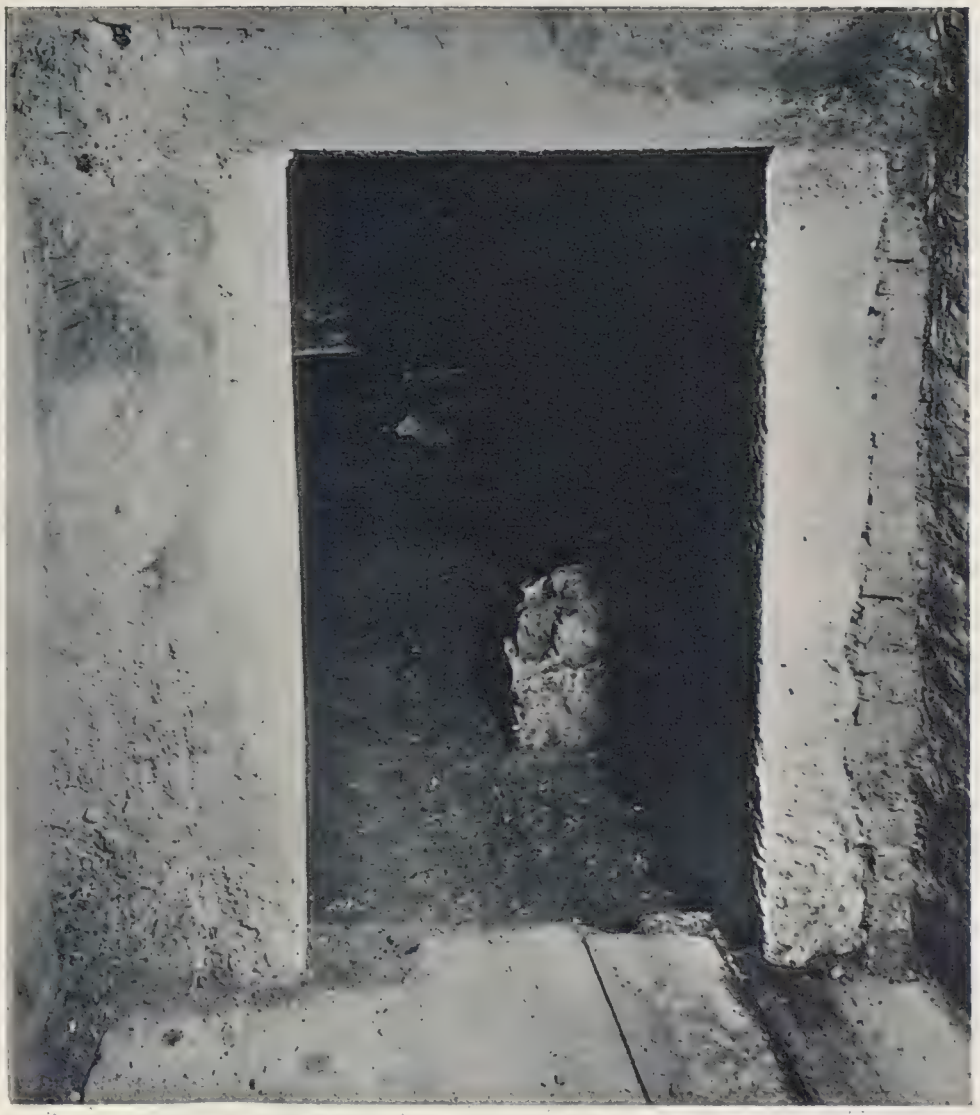
THE SUCCESSOR OF THE BASILICAN CHURCH—ST. PETER'S, ROME, AS IT IS TO-DAY : This famed building, beneath which has been discovered the complete Roman cemetery, was built between 1506 and 1626, being the outcome of the work of many architects, under the direction of many Popes, during a period of 120 years. The Cathedral had its origin in the intention of Pope Julius II to erect a tomb-house for himself, and so it was he ruthlessly tore down the Basilica of Constantine to erect such a monument that would enshrine the magnificence he associated with the Papal power, the Christian religion and the Latin race.

These tombs can be dated, according to the new volumes mentioned above, as belonging to the second half of the first century A.D., and they and the small area in front of them have remained remarkably intact, although they are surrounded by a large, pagan cemetery begun in the second century.

A few remains of a wall at the side of the open space, at a level slightly higher than that of the oldest tombs, belong, according to Professor Romanelli, " with moral certainty " to St. Peter's tomb. He explains that this is the space which for centuries has been the centre of a succession of basilicas, on this extremely inconvenient site. Why, he asks, was this so, if not for the fact that here was venerated, from before the middle of the second century, the tomb of the apostle ?

Although some may maintain that all that has been proved is that the site beneath the confessional altar of St. Peter's is the same as that venerated from earliest times as the tomb of the apostle, the Vatican is evidently satisfied that St. Peter's tomb has beyond all doubt been discovered.

Mgr. Kaas has stated that these excavations will continue, mainly with the object of discovering more about the Constantinian Basilica.



THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVITY BENEATH THE SUPPOSED BURIAL-PLACE OF ST. PETER, WHICH IS, IN TURN, BENEATH THE CRYPT OF ST. PETER'S : It is probable that the newly-excavated tombs were known to authorities at St. Peter's in past centuries, but there has been no record of them ; their complete investigation has brought to light much of archæological interest, in addition to St. Peter's tomb. There are more than a dozen separate vaults.

A MACHINE-GUN DETACHMENT OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS GUARDS THE SWEET WATER CANAL NEAR THE CAIRO-ISMAILIA ROAD : Egyptian vehicles in the background are being searched for arms as they near a large British Army Ordnance Depot. Near this spot are the twin villages of Tel-el-Kebir and El Hammada from which the new Egyptian "commandos" have launched heavy attacks. When British troops recently searched the villages 130 Egyptian policemen, including the Inspector-General of the Egyptian police administration, were taken prisoner. Normally, the police-station at the twin villages would have a garrison of only twelve men.

CAMERON HIGHLANDERS SEARCH UNDER THE BONNET AND IN THE BOOT OF AN EGYPTIAN CAR NEAR TEL-EL-KEBIR : Two heavily-veiled Egyptian women stand quietly beside the car as the search proceeds. There have been grounds for believing that under their voluminous gowns native women have been smuggling arms and ammunition.

A BRITISH ARMY FERRY CROSSES THE SWEET WATER CANAL : This picture was taken during the recent fighting between British forces and Egyptian "commandos"—groups of well-armed and trained youngsters whose threatened assaults on the Canal Zone garrisons have at last materialised.

DEFENDING THE SUEZ CANAL

The First Attacks by Egyptian "Liberation Battalions"—Well-Armed and Fanatical Students from Cairo — Have Been Repulsed by British Forces in the Canal Zone

A BRITISH CHECK-POST ON THE ROAD FROM ISMAILIA TO CAIRO : The Bren-gunner in the foreground is covering an Egyptian car which has been brought to a halt for searching. Behind, a line of lorries await their turn to pass the wary sentries.

EGYPTIAN "COMMANDOS" CARRY THE COFFIN OF A DEAD COMRADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAIRO : Lined at the head of the coffin are members of the "Liberation Battalions," still wearing their home-made, camouflaged battle-dresses. The dead terrorist, a student, was killed in the recent attack from Tel-el-Kebir on British troops. Quantities of modern automatic weapons and thousands of rounds of ammunition were found when British forces searched the village.

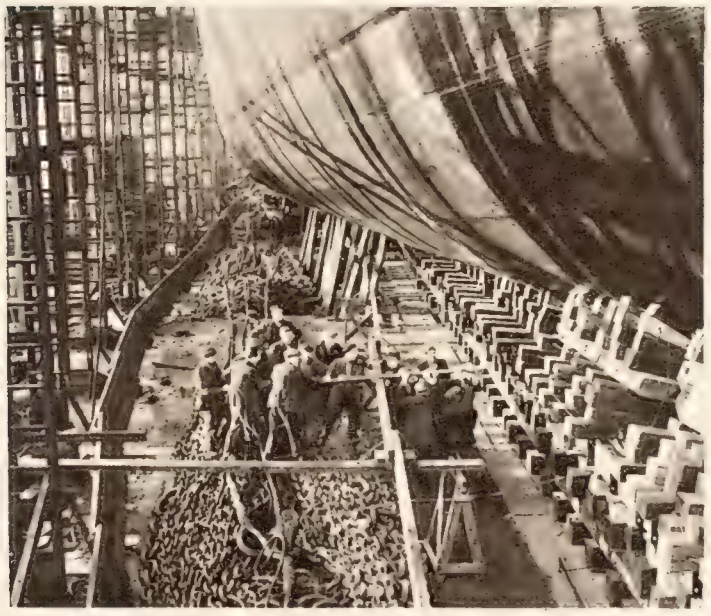
A new phase has opened in the Egyptian campaign against the British occupation of the Suez Canal Zone. Soon after the abrogation of the 1936 Treaty terrorists began a half-hearted campaign against British troops, attacking isolated units and sniping from roof-tops at passing military patrols. From Cairo it was reported that squadrons of students were being trained in commando tactics and the use of small-arms as "Liberation Battalions," and from time to time spokesmen of these groups announced that major attacks on the Canal Zone were imminent. Lieut.-General Sir George Erskine, G.O.C. British troops in Egypt, said that the threatened attacks would be crushed with all the forces at his disposal, and when, on January 14, the first major attack materialised, British infantry, supported by tanks and mortars, firmly repulsed the terrorists. The fighting began near the great Tel-el-Kebir depot, where the road from Cairo to Ismailia, the railway and the Sweet Water Canal converge. A few days later, men of the 1st Guards Brigade, supported by jet-fighters, tanks, armoured cars and artillery, carried out a search of the village and surrounding area. 130 Egyptian police were found in the village, and these were taken prisoner after offering slight resistance. Among them was the Inspector-General of Police, Lewa Mohammed Abdu Raouf, who said he was on an inspection of police forces in the district.

A NEW "UGANDA" TAKES THE WATER

The 450th Ship to be Built for the British India Steam Navigation Company Leaves a Clydeside Shipyard and Temporarily Blocks the River

When speaking at a dinner following the launch of the twin-screw passenger-liner *Uganda*, Sir William Currie, Chairman of the British India Steam Navigation Company, said that British shipping was playing its part in helping East Africa towards the brighter future which undoubtedly lay ahead. He also said that in view of the vast sum of money spent on Clydeside on the revitalisation of the Merchant Navy, British shipping and the commercial community had the right to press that ports and rail facilities should keep in step and play their part, and that the necessary finance should be provided. Mr. George Barrie, Chairman of Barclay, Curle and Company, the builders of the *Uganda*, said that the new ship and the *Kenya*, completed last summer, were part of a replacement programme, which in the past decade had added about sixty ships to the company's fleet. Mr. Barrie declared that a high standard of spacious comfort in passenger accommodation and a reasonable turn of speed would be the answer to the competition presented nowadays by air travel. Both the *Uganda* and the *Kenya*, which will maintain the British-East Africa service, are the largest vessels designed for the British India Company, which dates back to 1856. Those attending the dinner were told that the amount expended in Clyde shipyards by the P. & O. group of companies since V.E. Day in 1945 was £40,250,000. This figure includes vessels not yet launched. At the end of 1951 it was announced that during the year new ships valued at more than £100,000,000 had been ordered from the principal Clyde firms.

THE NEW "UGANDA," SISTER-SHIP OF THE "KENYA," LEAVES THE BARCLAY, CURLE COMPANY'S YARD AT WHITEINCH, GLASGOW, AND IS PARTLY BLOWN BACK ON TO THE LAUNCHING-WAYS BY A STRONG GUST OF WIND: It was not until twenty minutes later that attendant tugs were able to get her under control and away from the launching-ways. The *Uganda* appeared to have sustained no damage. The two sister-ships will eventually maintain the British-East Africa service via Suez.



JUST BEFORE THE LAUNCH: This was the scene from the launching platform as final preparations were made for the launch of the liner.

THE 15,000-TON PASSENGER-LINER LEAVES THE SLIPWAY AND TEMPORARILY BLOCKS THE RIVER: The naming ceremony was performed by Lady Hall, wife of Sir John Hathorn Hall, a Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Uganda from 1944 to 1951. The first ship to bear the name *Uganda* in the history of the British India Steam Navigation Company was a cargo-carrier.

NAMED AFTER A COUNTRY WHOSE TRADE SHE WILL SERVE: Two more views of the *Uganda*, which will carry 167 first-class passengers and 133 tourist-class passengers. In addition to the public rooms, each class will have a swimming-pool and dance floor. There will be 415,000 cub. ft. of cargo space, of which 25,000 cub. ft. will be insulated. She will be driven by two sets of steam turbines designed to give a service speed of 16 knots. *Uganda* is 517 ft. long and 71 ft. broad.

Great Maraetai in the Making

THE RISE OF THE BIG DAM IN THE WAIKATO GORGE

Specially Drawn for "The Sphere" by Clive Uptton

The Great Maraetai Dam, shown here in the course of construction across the gorge of the Waikato, in North Island, New Zealand, is the latest link in the Waikato power chain. The power house at Maraetai will be supplying the New Zealand grid this year. Into the 280-ft.-high arch dam have gone 110,000 cubic yards of concrete, and while the work of building has been in progress the waters of the Waikato have been diverted. Maraetai is the third of the ten dams on the Waikato, and each of the ten Waikato generating stations will use the same water. The total output of electric power will be over 1,000,000 h.p., helping measurably to meet New Zealand's immediate power needs on the farms and in her growing secondary industries. In the long-term view the Dominion will probably come to rely more and more on Geo-Thermal power.

TO BE VISITED BY PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DURING THEIR FORTHCOMING NEW ZEALAND TOUR—KARAPIRO, THE SECOND OF THE WAIKATO DAMS—A NOTABLE CONTRIBUTION TO INDUSTRIAL POWER IN THE NORTH ISLAND: This aerial view shows the dam and spillway at Karapiro, and the generating station below. Karapiro's 170-ft.-high dam took 220,000 cubic yards of concrete. In the distance, pleasantly situated near the lake formed by the dam, is the workers' camp. While construction was in progress at Karapiro, workers in Britain, in the midst of bombs and black-outs, were producing equipment for the generating station.

NEW ZEALAND'S QUEST FOR INDUSTRIAL POWER

The Story of Her Great Dam-building Projects Along the Waikato River, and the Prelude to Geo-Thermal Power

By RICHARD EDMONDS

SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY CLIVE UPTTON AND LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

NEW ZEALAND, like her vast Australian neighbour, is a nation in the midst of momentous changes; in the war and post-war years her whole economy has gone into higher gear, and now, in 1952, one century after the Mother Country granted her self-government, paving the way for a full Parliamentary system, this model democracy is on the threshold of industrial maturity. No longer is her economy almost entirely dependent upon the export of farm produce. No longer, in any sense of the term, is she a satellite nation. Her new maturity will soon cover every phase of industry. New Zealanders, long accustomed to buying clothing made from cloth supplied by New Zealand mills, and to buying New Zealand-made hosiery, furniture and processed goods, can now buy New Zealand-made ties, plastics, paints, wrapping papers, radios, refrigerators, electrical fittings, and even cars assembled in their own factories. The road to self-sufficiency is, indeed, clearly marked.

In 1840, just 112 years ago, there may have been some 2,000 whites in New Zealand; to-day there are a thousand times that number—nearly 2,000,000, in fact—and the momentum of the historic process of immigration goes on. The momentum is, if anything, increasing, although not fast enough for the nation's needs. Many thousands of men and women, attracted by a land which can offer jobs in plenty, by a land which is firmly attached to Britain, are considering the best means of going to New Zealand and starting a new life.

The two main difficulties confronting prospective immigrants are the shortage of shipping and the shortage of housing, while the New Zealand Government itself, needing more people, houses, factories, shops and warehouses, has at the same time one tremendous, over-riding problem, the problem of power.

Without power New Zealand's dream of creating a strong, self-sustaining nation in the South Pacific, of peopling her pleasant places in the way that Rhodes envisaged for the whole Commonwealth, falls to the ground. For New Zealand's coal deposits are limited, and there is practically no oil in the land. Everything depends upon a plentiful supply of electrical power. It is vital in the home, on the farm, and in the factory. It is the corner-stone of New Zealand economy, and beyond doubt because of this her people have decided that the main supplier of this power shall be the State. Already the State Hydro-Electric Department's capital outlay stands at £46,300,000. Already in the North Island there is a well-co-ordinated power system in being, the entire network of power stations, transmission lines and sub-stations functioning as a huge machine, a machine that is to grow infinitely greater with the passing years.

Let us take the road south from Auckland to see something of what is being achieved in this quest for power, follow the Khyber Pass and make for the Great South Road, over the Bombay Hill to Pokeno, and out to Mercer and Hamilton, past the lush fields where the cattle thrive so well in the mild New Zealand winters and the genial summers.

At Hamilton, that capital city of the rich farming territory of the Waikato, and standing astride the waters of the Waikato River itself, we reach the nerve-centre of the North Island's electricity system, where the whole complicated network is controlled, the engineers meeting the fluctuating demand for power at any hour, day or night.

Hamilton lies just a few miles to the north of the electricity development area. Here in the valley of the Waikato the march of the pylons really begins; and a truly spectacular march it already is. In near-by Matamata is the 90,000-kilowatt Karapiro power undertaking, which was built largely during the war years and, although the older Arapuni is nearly twice as powerful, it has come to be a symbol of the unremitting efforts being made to catch up with the potential demand for electric power in New Zealand. In spite of war, construction went on day and night at Karapiro, while in Britain men and women toiled under bombs and black-outs to provide vital parts.

Karapiro was the second of the big stations on the Waikato—the second of ten—and their names sound almost like a battle-roll of the Maori War days—Arapuni, which was the first, Waipapa, Maraetai, Whakamaru, Atiamuri, Ohakuri, Parariki, Aratiatia, and Huka Falls, a reminder of the days when that determined Maori chieftain, Tee Kooti, broke the cordon designed to keep him from the Waikato and took refuge in the King Country; a reminder of those fierce battles which, ending suddenly a mere eighty years ago, brought enduring peace to New Zealand, sowing the seeds of the comparative well-being that is to-day.

The ten stations of the Waikato power chain will use just the same amount of water as the existing two, but the present output of electric power will be trebled, amounting to over 1,000,000 h.p. This will be the equivalent of more than 3,000,000 tons of coal, which exceeds New Zealand's total coal production in any year.

Chief interest in the Waikato power chain centres at the moment upon Maraetai, which lies 21 miles above Arapuni, and will be New Zealand's biggest power-station until the construction of Roxburgh and Ben More, in the South Island.

If Karapiro symbolises New Zealand's unremitting efforts during the Second World War, Maraetai in many ways provides a cross-section of all the difficulties now confronting a world of continuing shortages and drastically rising prices. This mighty power undertaking has been in full-scale progress since 1949. It includes the construction of a 280-ft.-high arch dam across the gorge of the Waikato,

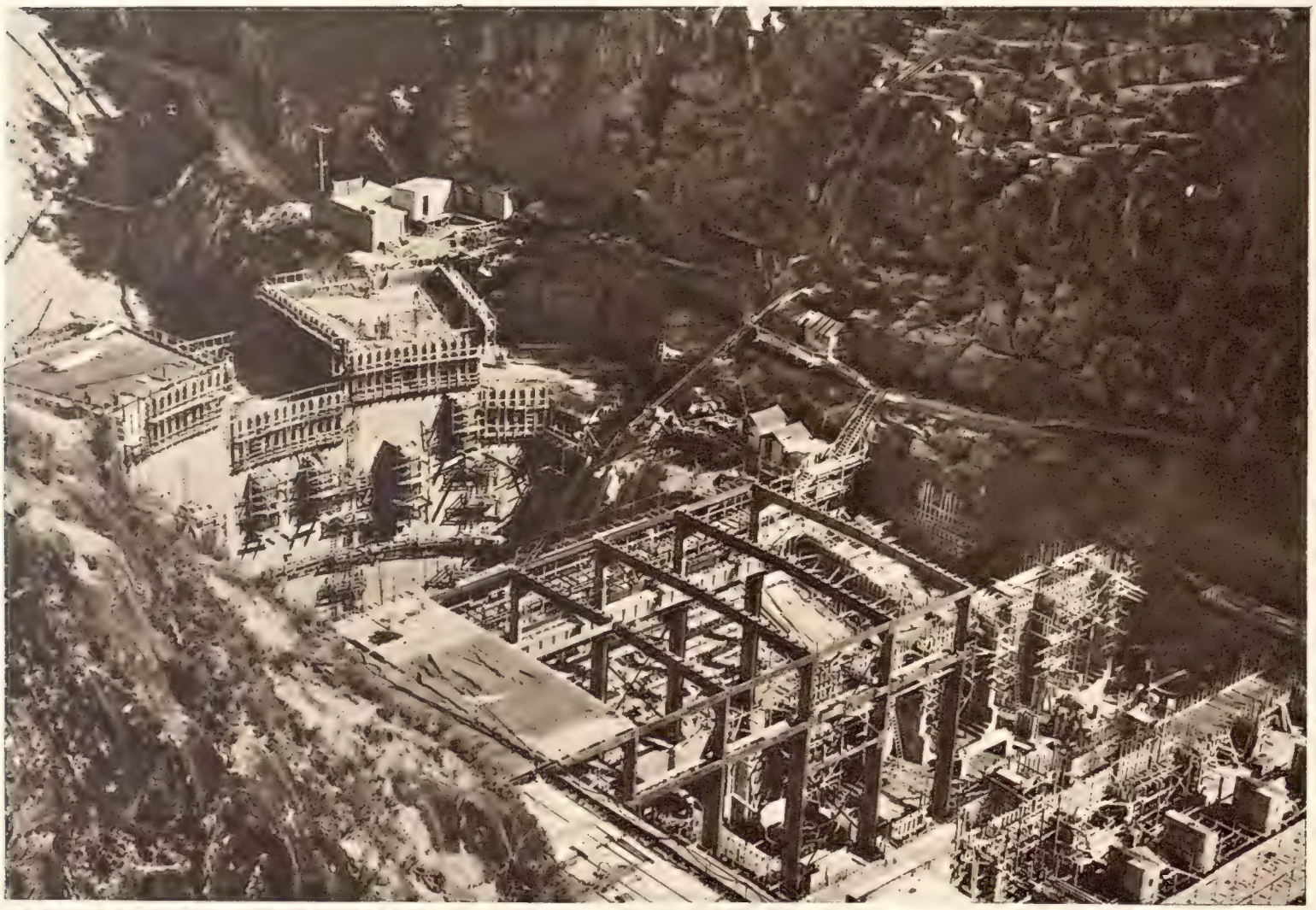
(*Continued on page 127*)

NEW ZEALAND'S QU

THE MIGHTY WAIKATO POWER-CHAIN—A SKETCH-MAP LOOKING SOUTH TOWARDS LAKE TAUPO AND THE SOURCE OF THE WAIKATO RIVER, SHOWING THE TEN POWER STATIONS AND DAMS, BUILT, BUILDING OR PROJECTED, IN THIS VAST UNDERTAKING WHICH WILL PROVIDE THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND WITH MUCH OF THE ELECTRIC POWER SHE NEEDS UNTIL SHE TAPS HER VAST GEO-THERMAL RESOURCES: The first of the power stations to be completed was Arapuni, which lies in a picturesque gorge south of Cambridge. After Arapuni came Karapiro, a product of New Zealand's war effort, and now nearing completion is Great Maraetai, the largest of them all. At the same time work is in hand at Whakamaru and Waipapa, and others in the power-chain will follow them as fast as the supply of men and materials will allow. The Waikato is the principal river of the North Island. Between the Upper Waikato and Ruapehu, the volcanic peak shown in the background, lies the mountainous and picturesque King Country.

On right—

THE RIVER WAIKATO FLOWING FROM ITS DIVERSION TUNNEL BELOW THE MARAETAI DAM—A SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWING BY CLIVE UPTTON: The diversion tunnel is taking the full flow of the Waikato during the time in which the dam is being completed in the Waikato Gorge. Just below the tunnel intake a cofferdam was erected and the river was pumped dry prior to construction. When the dam is completed this year the diversion tunnel will be closed while the lake rises behind the dam. The tunnel, however, will have a permanent function as a spillway.



LOOKING DOWN INTO THE WAIKATO GORGE DURING THE MIDDLE STAGES OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE DAM AND POWER-HOUSE AT MARAETAI: Men and materials from many lands have come together in the construction work. In addition to recent immigrants from the British Isles, the labour force at Maraetai and in the near-by workshops at Mangakino includes Dutchmen, Estonians, Swiss and Frenchmen. Last year the largest of the contingents of new arrivals on the site were married English carpenters, mainly from London, who were flown out ahead of their families.

EST FOR INDUSTRIAL POWER

(*Continued from page* 125)

requiring about 110,000 cubic yards of concrete, and about 5,000 tons of steel for dam and power-house. Five main generators have been ordered, each of 36,000 kilowatts, together with two auxiliary units, each of 750 kilowatts. When in full-scale production, Maraetai will develop 180,000 k.v.a., a decided advance upon Arapuni's 145,000; and Karapiro's 90,000. So it will be seen that, by world standards, Maraetai is a major engineering job.

One of the most interesting features has been the building of a diversion tunnel to take the full flow of the Waikato during the period of two years or more spent on constructing the 550-ft.-long dam.

Throughout a large part of 1950, for twenty-four hours a day during the working week, the mechanical mixers at Maraetai clanked and churned and rumbled as they turned out concrete in batches of 3 cubic yards for the arch dam, which grew steadily from the depths of the gorge. This mass concreting operation was greatly aided by the employment of an internal system of refrigerating pipes, making possible the laying of concrete in bulk on a scale not previously known in New Zealand. There was one disturbing but temporary set-back when doubts were cast by the American dam expert, Mr. J. L. Savage, upon the strength of the rock in the vicinity of the dam. Fears were set at rest by a series of tests carried out in the United States, and New Zealand engineers breathed a sigh of relief when they knew no modification of the design would after all be necessary.

This was by no means the end of the difficulties at Maraetai. For a while cement was in short supply, as also was labour, while bitterly cold weather in July 1951, at its bitterest in the sunless bottom of the gorge, held up the progress of concreting at a vital stage.

But steadily, if unspectacularly, the work has gone on. During the last New Zealand winter there was a pause in the dam's rise while complicated boxing and reinforcing work proceeded about the penstocks. The entrance to these pipes, 16 ft. in diameter, which will convey the water from the Maraetai lake to the turbines, had to be shaped to ensure an even flow and to accommodate screens and gates. By the New Year it was expected that the whole 550-ft.-long dam, with the exception of three bays in the centre, would be within 20 ft. of the ultimate height. At this point the dam narrows down to 10 ft. thick, and it is now the task of the builders to cantilever out to provide a carriageway 36-ft. wide for a gantry to work the penstock gates. Not until all this is complete will it be possible to raise the lake behind the dam. Meanwhile the Maraetai power-house has gone steadily forward, and high on the cliff-top, above the Waikato Gorge, huge circuit-breakers have been set up for the out-door station which will shortly take the first power from the 180,000-kilowatt plant, feeding it into the North Island system.

That, then, is Great Maraetai. To New Zealanders young and old it is an object of wonder and inspiration. All the difficulties that have impeded it have made the realisation only more precious. Once Maraetai is in full flow, New Zealanders will know that their power-hungry land can enjoy a temporary respite at least from electricity shortages.

(*Concluded on following pages*

***On left*—ANOTHER NORTH ISLAND POWER SCHEME LYING TO THE SOUTH-EAST OF THE WAIKATO: This pipe-line leads from the surge chamber to the power-house at Tuai. The surge chamber regulates the supply of water to the turbine equipment. Overhead run the cables from the Kaitawa power-house. This power scheme harnesses the waters of Lake Waikaremoana.**

THE COMMUNITY CENTRE AT MANGAKINO—THE CINEMA, THE ASSEMBLY HALL, SHOPS AND A MILK BAR IN THE MODEL TOWNSHIP WHICH HAS BEEN BROUGHT INTO BEING TO ACCOMMODATE THE WORKERS ON THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC STATIONS ON THE WAIKATO POWER-CHAIN: Five years ago this was waste land amid the bare, windswept tussock country round the Waikato gorges. Now Mangakino is a township of about 5,000 inhabitants, a township with an industrious co-operative spirit. The occupants of the houses are all tenants of the State, but they have a big say in their own affairs through their representative local body, the Waikato Hydro Welfare Association. Rangatira Drive, the main street of Mangakino, can boast several modern blocks of shops. The grocer's shop is run on a co-operative basis.

NEW ZEALAND'S QUEST FOR INDUSTRIAL POWER

(*Concluded from previous page*)

BULLDOZING A NEW ROAD IN THE REGION OF THE WAIKATO DAMS: This is a task that has been going on for several years, for as each scheme has reached construction stage, it has been necessary to provide access roads.

WHERE THE DIVERTED WAIKATO RESUMES ITS OLD COURSE BELOW THE MARAETAI DAM: In the foreground is part of the cofferdam below the power-house, and on the left water can be seen emerging from the diversion tunnel. The first bridge downstream is a Bailey bridge, built for easy access by construction lorries. Beyond is the graceful permanent bridge. In the plant on the right slabs of pre-cast concrete are prepared for roofing work.

And now the scene shifts several miles farther upstream, along the Waikato power-chain. It shifts from Maraetai to Whakamura, where the river will again be diverted, but not before the rock near water-level in the new cut has been sealed by pumping in a cement mixture under pressure. Along a channel 40 ft. wide at the top, the Waikato will be made to flow for the time being, leaving the river-bed dry for dam-building. This power station will produce 100,000 kilowatts, and will start generating in 1954.

At the same time, the Waipapa station, between Arapuni and Maraetai, is being taken over by the engineers, and there they will create a dam of rock and earth instead of concrete, because of the thinness of the rock foundations. It will bank up a lake a little over 50 ft. high. The power station at Waipapa will eventually develop between 45,000 and 50,000 kilowatts.

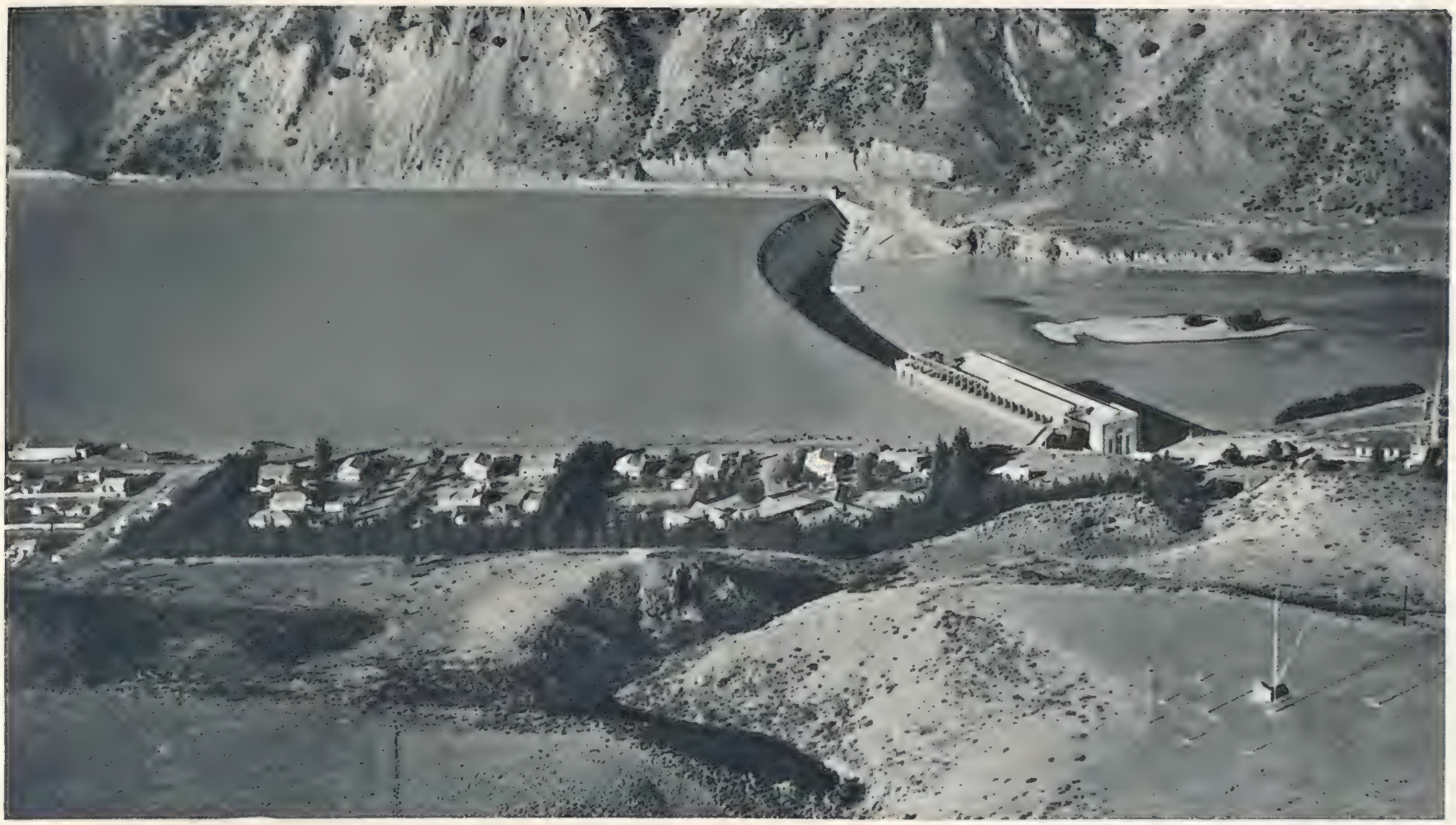
All this will be done for the most part by New Zealand engineers, and New Zealand labour, although many of the workers at Maraetai are Dutchmen, Estonians, Swiss, Poles and Frenchmen by extraction. But it has long been realised that this is not enough if the country is to keep pace with electricity demands. The resources of the State Hydro-Electric Department are clearly strained to the limit, both as regards labourers and technicians.

The New Zealand Government has therefore sought the assistance of overseas firms, and the two Waikato power schemes at Atiamuri and Ohakuri, both of which lie to the south of Maraetai, nearer Lake Taupo, are being entrusted to a London firm of engineers, Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners. Thus, with British aid, the New Zealand Government's under-staffed designing teams will be at least temporarily augmented. Other British firms, too, are playing their part, notably G.E.C., English Electric, Metropolitan Vickers, Reyrolle, and British Thomson-Houston.

And so with men and materials from overseas with a great deal of personal enthusiasm among all concerned, the Waikato development goes forward in 1952.

Much of that enthusiasm is concentrated in the town of Mangakino, the base camp for the construction of the Maraetai Dam. Mangakino differs from any other town or settlement in New Zealand, because it is the first to be developed upon community principles. All the communal buildings of Mangakino have been set up by the Government, and the occupants of the houses are, of course, all tenants of the State. Administration, however, rests in the hands of the Waikato Hydro Welfare Association, with its delegates from churches, clubs, associations and institutions. It is a truly representative local body, and in the bare, windswept tussock country on the banks of the

HOW THE DIVERSION TUNNEL AT MARAETAI WAS CLEARED OF ENGINEERS' EQUIPMENT BEFORE THE WATERS WERE ALLOWED TO FLOW: This truck journeyed down the tunnel picking up the gear, and was then hoisted up the gorge. The diversion tunnel bears the date 1949.



POWER-HOUSE ON THE WAITAKI—A SOUTH ISLAND SCHEME WITH A POTENTIAL OF 1,000,000 HORSE-POWER, EQUAL TO THE POTENTIAL OF THE WAIKATO POWER CHAIN ON NORTH ISLAND: The Waitaki station, with a capacity of 75,000 kilowatts, was opened in 1934, and a further generating unit was installed in 1949. Now, thirty miles farther up the river at Black Jack's Point, a further scheme is under way, and it will prove one of the biggest in New Zealand. In South Island, however, the tide of immigration does not flow so strongly as in North Island, and the future need for industrial power may not prove so urgent.

THE LAKE COLERIDGE POWER-HOUSE SITUATED FOURTEEN MILES UP THE RAKAIA GORGE FACING THE MOUNT HUTT RANGES IN SOUTH ISLAND: In the far distance on the right is the junction of the Wilberforce and Mathias Rivers, which flow into the Rakaia River. In the foreground is the power-line leading to Canterbury.

Waikato, Mangakino has developed in the space of a few years into a thriving model town.

What is happening along the Waikato is not by any means the whole picture of New Zealand electrification. There are similar schemes of hardly less import in the South Island, notably in Otago, where the big Roxburgh project, estimated to cost £13,000,000, will take at least another four years to complete, while at the source of the Waitaki, in South Canterbury, at Lakes Tekapo and Pukaki, two other schemes are now reaching fruition. The Waitaki River is estimated, indeed, to have a potential of more than 1,000,000 h.p., equal to that of the Waikato.

Here at any rate is enough to show the strength of New Zealand purpose, and let it be borne in mind that this young nation looks still further ahead, beyond the completion of Maraetai, beyond Whakamaru, Aliamuri and Ohakuri, to new and greater projects utilising not the power of her rivers and rushing torrents, but the wealth of thermal energy that lies beneath her soil.

Many factors are involved in the generation of electricity from thermal power. The fact that steam is found readily at relatively high pressure close to the earth's surface does not mean that it is suitable for conversion into terms of units and kilowatts of power. It must be constant in pressure; it must be "dry" and it must be in sufficient volume to spin the giant turbines.

Already exhaustive tests have been undertaken in a remote valley near Wairakei, where Government scientists have sunk test boreholes, the steam roaring into the air with the noise of many locomotives.

While the steam jets at Wairakei have filled the valley with this unabating roar, drills have been searching elsewhere on the North Island for other stores of geo-thermal power, notably at Te Teko, 4 miles from Edgecumbe, and not far from the Bay of Plenty, where the sulphurous fumes of White Island are, like the geysers of Rotorua, an ever-present reminder of the volcanic nature of the terrain. Bright though the prospects are at Wairakei, they appear to be even brighter at Te Teko. Te Teko, say the geologists, vulcanologists and engineers, is a natural site for a geo-thermal power station, partly because it is on a large river, and any big turbine plant needs abundant cold water to condense the steam beyond the turbines. If there is no such supply, giant cooling towers have to be built. Te Teko, too, is on the main power-grid, and in the centre of the fast-developing rural industries of the Bay of Plenty. Te Teko's geo-thermal projects, however, lie in the more distant, half-planned and largely problematical future. Waikato is of the present and the immediate future.

There are few who know New Zealand well who do not feel that all these many and remarkable developments are in the best interests of the nation, of its agricultural and its secondary industrial productivity. They would most certainly have had the approbation of the late Raymond Savage, who led New Zealand in the '30's, and no doubt, too, of old Richard Seddon, the Lancashire emigrant boy who laid the foundations of so much of New Zealand's greatness back in the days when Wellington was the first city in the Southern Hemisphere to introduce electric street-lighting.

EXPLOITING GEO-THERMAL POWER IN NEW ZEALAND: This is one of the dry-steam bores made at Wairakei, North Island, by scientists who are investigating the possibilities of using the natural steam for generating electricity. During the tests a bore of this kind ran for seven months before the scientists turned it off. If the final tests prove beyond doubt that there is no possibility of these steam sources drying up, the New Zealand Government will spend large sums of money to harness the steam for generating power both at Wairakei and Te Teko. The first move would be to run a 10,000-kilowatt pilot plant from a bore at Wairakei. The Government is approaching the problem with caution, but they are encouraged by experience of using geo-thermal heat in Italy, where plant producing more than 200,000 kilowatts is established or projected on an area of about 75 sq. miles in Tuscany.

"SOUTH PACIFIC": The latest American importation at Drury Lane differs from *Oklahoma!* in having a star personality in Mary Martin, but lacks none of its vitality. Above, the chorus of American sailors sing their lament of the lack of "dames."

MARY MARTIN GETS AMONG THE SAILORS: The star of *South Pacific* exchanges wisecracks with Ray Walstan as Luther Billis. On the left is Billy Nagy as "Stewpot."

THE LEGACY OF "OKLAHOMA!"

Stage Article By Philip Hope-Wallace

THE BALLET IN "OKLAHOMA!" One of the beautifully-drilled dance sequences in the famous American show, which ran for 1,375 performances at Drury Lane, then went on to the Stoll Theatre, which was built by the grandfather of Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the book for *Oklahoma!*

"ALL ER NOTHIN'": Dorothea MacFarland, Walter Donahue, Beatrice Lynn and Maria Harriton sing one of the popular numbers from *Oklahoma!*

BRITISH MUSICAL COMEDY: Cicely Courtneidge is the star of *Gay's the Word*, Ivor Novello's last show, which has proved the durability of the home product when supported by star names. It has been running for a year at the Saville Theatre.

WHAT has come over British musical comedy? A short answer would be, what 's come over the Atlantic! So much jumps to the eye. The big names, the long runners, the bally-hoo and the vast profits are for the shows of yesteryear from Broadway, ferried over to us to renew their success and extend the life of their stars. Certainly musical comedies of more obviously English pattern, with the support of some fabulously popular figure such as Ivor Novello or Cicely Courtneidge, could and still can enjoy long runs. *Blue for a Boy* or *Gay 's the Word* are still here to prove as much. But the hegemony is unquestionably American. The impact of *Oklahoma!* is still left. Not, of course, that it was the first "musical" from the States to make its mark on London. Even between the wars English musical comedy was seriously threatened by the power and appeal of Jerome Kern's *Show Boat* (one of the best musical scores of the last three decades) or Romberg's *The Desert Song*. But *Oklahoma!* was not merely more vital; it was essentially different in kind. One could sum up the difference briefly like this: instead of a star comedian with his bag of gags, there was a great deal of reasonably advanced ballet springing from, and furthering, the story; the music, too, served the dramatic interest much as it does in opera and not merely added decorations to it. Then, there was a noticeable absence of stars; instead, a highly elaborated teamwork, with the chorus no longer a semi-circle of more or less anonymous supporters, but each number given a "character" to play, sharply enough individual to be memorable. The *Oklahoma!* type, even its immediate successors by the same team of Rodgers and Hammerstein, has varied a lot. *South Pacific*, for instance, certainly does rely on a leading lady and has very little ballet and in the second part puts forward no new music at all, merely making do with reprises. Furthermore, such pieces as *Annie Get Your Gun* were fairly conventional as far as the *style* went. All the same, the wind has somehow been taken out of the sails of English musical comedy, which now lies like a schooner becalmed, while the huge liners sweep by.

Is it just a case of a genre which has failed to revitalise itself going down before a more vigorous rival? This, of course, is constantly happening, in the history of the theatre, especially the lyrical theatre. At one moment in the nineteenth century in Paris, Opéra Comique succeeded in ousting the more formal and stately grand opera of the classical mode, but was in its turn completely routed by Viennese operetta (or its French equivalent by Offenbach). One might think that it is simply that *our* sort of musical comedy as understood in the great days of Daly's, has lost its appeal; that for the moment the Americans are the masters of the lyric stage; but that presently someone else may replace them.

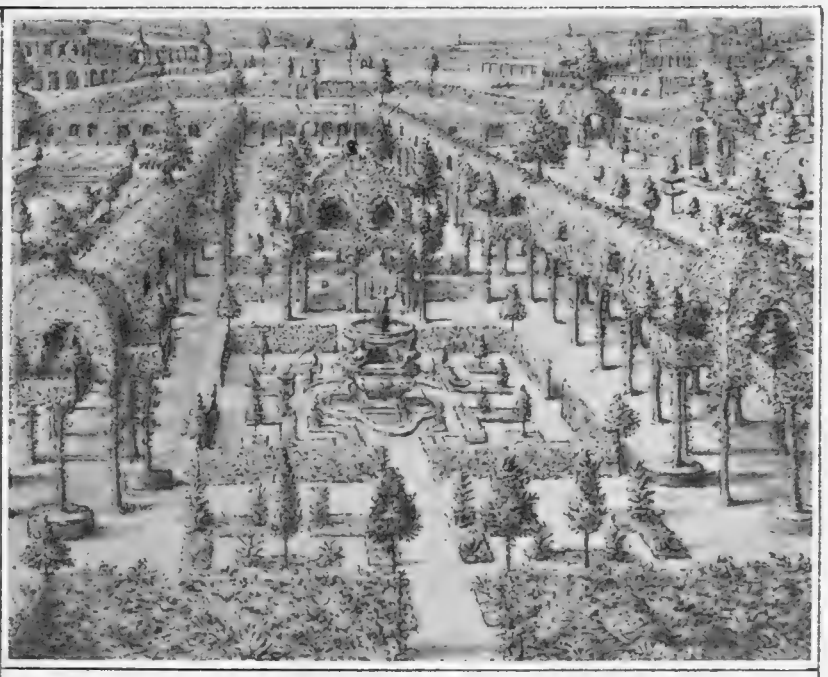
It is worth taking a look at the factors contributing to this situation, which may possibly help us to put it right. The foremost reason for the easy acceptance of these alien imports is, of course, that the new public, with more money to spend than before, is almost entirely *cinema* educated; and that means that for the last twenty years they have been steeped in the idea that the Voice of Romance is an American voice. Quite naturally and without anything one can call affectation, English ballad singers, crooners, dance-band boys and young people who frequent dance halls, assume a more or less transatlantic accent when they sing about love, life and laughter.

This adoption of American as a *lingua franca*, or at least as the Tongue of Glamour, has been enormously fostered by the crumbling of our own social system. The "Mayfair" stage voice in which the heroes of earlier musical comedy successes conversed would strike all but a very small proportion of modern audiences as impossibly "la-di-da," a "Third Programme" accent in the pejorative sense, a displeasing emblem of class superiority and suitable only for the comic characters, as, for instance, the "silly ass" part or the super-refined young Policeman, who is a stock-joke type still. A true hero, if he cannot have a transatlantic accent to commend him, can sometimes be French or at least Ruritanian (though Ruritania is fairly class-conscious and so accent-conscious, too). The regional accents of the industrial North and Midlands, formerly the prerogative of the funny men, have not been for the most part assimilated sufficiently for romantic purposes. Even where the hero speaks Lancashire-fashion, the heroine will aim at an accent less strongly defined, often becoming quite colourless thereby. American accents, real or assumed, raise (for us) no problems of this sort.

Another menace to the easy-going formulæ of musical comedy in the old style comes from a new (and officially sponsored) interest in opera and ballet. These, formerly diversions of the highbrow public, or at most of small groups of enthusiasts, have now won epidemic popularity. Interest in ballet especially, once a mere coterie fad, now includes enormous numbers of young people. *The Swan Lake*, once the beau ideal of Sitwells and so on, is now in every errand boy's repertory. The B.B.C.'s Light Programme has spread the sound of Puccini far and wide, and however indifferent grand persons may think the standard of performance at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, the fact is that these two opera houses are full night after night with people who are obviously taking to Puccini and Johann Strauss fairly strongly. Now, if they do so, will they ever revert to musical comedy? The truth is that the better is the enemy of the good. If you have seen, well mounted and sung in English, a good performance of *La Bohème* or *Die Fledermaus*; if you have enjoyed anything as pretty and really witty as the Sadler's Wells *Pine Apple Poll* (which includes a liberal dose of the cream of Sullivan's music too), you are not likely to suffer patiently something which is only like the rinsings of *The Arcadians* or *The Maid of the Mountains*. If such people get nothing new (as in the sense the American imports are new) they seem more likely to reach out still further among the classics, until perhaps they discover that *Der Rosenkavalier* or *The Marriage of Figaro* can be thought of as musical comedies of an infinitely richer and more durable kind. If not . . . well, there are always the musical films to fall back on, to say nothing of the sort of non-stop pierrot show perpetually on view on the television screen. If escape is what the new audiences want, there are plenty of other bolt-holes. It might be thought that in an age of austerity, sheer lavishness would still make a strong appeal. But there again, it seems to me, the stage has been forestalled by the cinema screen. The "cast of millions" is everyday fare in almost any village of the kingdom.

Shall we be able to re-create a popular lyrical genre, peculiar to our own people? It is not, surely, that we lack the talent; for song, dance or humour. Looking about, there seems more than enough talent to go on with. And we have increasingly writers of good tunes (mostly now concentrating on film work or songs for revues, which do bring in some money). No, it is the *milieu* and the story, the social placing of a musical comedy which is the stumbling-block. If Ruritania is rejected, in what modern setting are we to place our musical romance? The Riviera? A night club (as Noël Coward did in his very much qualified success *Ace of Spades*)? A luxury hotel, with wisteria and pergolas of pink roses stretching away into the distance? These are only substitutes for Ruritania. They lack what the American musicals have so abundantly, the common touch, the sense of a real happening in a recognisable locality. *Oklahoma exclamation point.* Yes. But can we imagine "Dorset exclamation mark"? And what should our chief characters be supposed to *do*? Of course, in lyrical drama they in fact do nothing; but for the audience to feel sympathy with them, they must nowadays be something other than the earls or heiresses out of a P. G. Wodehouse hinterland. In short—what class? The heroes and heroines of American musicals are nurses or conscript soldiers, or typists or clerks; they are even, in such successes as *Porgy and Bess*, the humblest sort of coloured folk. But they are near to life and actuality. Not until our own musical comedies can decide what aspect of our own people they want to represent will they have more than a slim chance of challenging the American hegemony.

"A VILLAGE IN THE MOUNTAINS," BY JAN BRUEGEL, THE ELDER: This work, together with the other pictures reproduced on this page, is included in the loan exhibition from the collection of Sir Bruce Ingram now being exhibited at Colnaghi's, Old Bond Street, W.1, to aid the London Federation of Boys' Clubs.



"AN ORNAMENTAL GARDEN," By Hans Vredeman de Vries (1527-1604).

"THE SAINTS IN GLORY," By Sir James Thornhill.

"THE GARDEN OF A CHATEAU," By Jacob van der Ulft (c. 1627-1689).

THE ART OF HENDRICK AVERCAMP. *Left*—"A Village Scene." *Right*—"A Dutch Castle."

MASTER DRAWINGS
from a
PERSONAL COLLECTION

An Exhibition Held in Aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs

Just as an anthology of verse collected by one man often has no connecting link beyond the fact that the verse appeals essentially to its compiler, so is it with the collection of drawings brought together by Sir Bruce Ingram and now presented at Colnaghi's, Old Bond Street, to help raise funds for that worthy cause, the London Federation of Boys' Clubs. A stroll round the galleries does, of course, reveal a preoccupation with the art of the Dutch Masters, but, for the most part, this collection represents one man who has been content to follow his own tastes without historical intent, and, as Mr. A. P. Oppé says in his introduction to the catalogue, "with no desire to emulate museums in the collection of masterpieces by the most famous artists." In other words, here is a collection that is eminently personal. Of special interest in the collection are the works of Hendrick Avercamp, the strange Dutchman whom his early seventeenth-century contemporaries called the mute of Kampen, on account of his taciturnity. His favourite subjects were winter scenes, and one of them, showing village folk disporting on the ice, is reproduced on this page.

Avercamp's drawings with the pen and in black chalk are still held in great estimation, and much of his work has found its way into private collections in Germany in the course of the present century.

Also from the Dutch school comes Jacob van der Ulft's "The Garden of a Chateau." This is a characteristic work by one who understood perspective and architectural detail, and it is of special interest, as the art of Van der Ulft still remains somewhat rare outside Holland. It is believed that Van der Ulft died before the year 1688, but not a great deal is known about him beyond that he appears to have been a skilful painter on glass, and also distinguished himself as a painter of small historical pictures. His "Garden of a Chateau" in the Ingram collection reminds us in its use of body colour throughout that the tradition of coloured landscape arose from the Netherlandish miniature. Another garden scene in the collection is the work of Hans Vredeman de Vries, in which there is a skilful use of blue to strengthen and vary the underlying monochrome.

A strong contrast to the Dutch drawings in the collection is Sir James Thornhill's "The Saints in Glory," one of several really fine drawings by the great portrayer of emblematic subjects who won fame as the painter of the cupola of St. Paul's, a work for which, apparently, he was only able to obtain 40s. per square yard. "The Saints in Glory" has a special importance in that it was a study for Thornhill's wall-painting at the east end of All Souls', Oxford. The painting was destroyed about 1870 to reveal the fifteenth-century work beneath.

Altogether there are ninety-five drawings in the collection, and visitors to Colnaghi's will find it rich and varied. Admission is free, the finely illustrated catalogue at 3s. being sold without deduction for the benefit of the Boys' Clubs. It contains forty-seven photogravure reproductions.

Bird Life

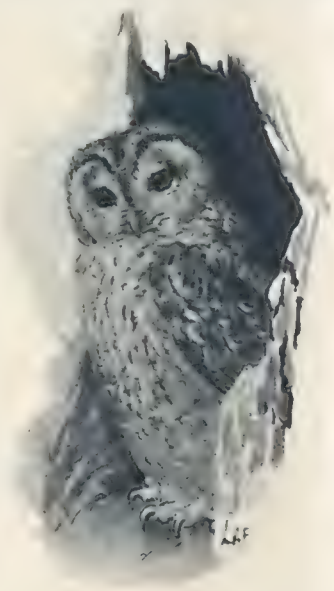
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS ON THE ROUND POND IN KENSINGTON GARDENS TAKES TO THE AIR AS A SPARROW-HAWK PASSES OVERHEAD: Clustered in a compact flock, they wheeled in dead silence below the hawk until it disappeared. In this drawing Mr. T. S. La Fontaine illustrates one of the incidents included in the 1950 report by the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks. Bird-lovers need no longer leave London to study the jay, the heron, the woodpecker, and many of our birds of prey. They are to be found, together with many other and rarer birds, visiting or at home in the Royal Parks and bombed spaces of London.

IN the south-east corner of Hyde Park, barely a stone's-throw from Park Lane, there stands a great elm. In it lives a tawny owl, and if you are patient and quiet you may see him one winter afternoon warming himself in the thin rays of the sun. When darkness fastens upon the busy city you may hear his tuneful hooting above the din of near-by traffic as he glides softly above the grass seeking the little rodents that are his food.

It is a very long time since the nesting kite stole from the washing lines of London, and Shakespeare warned, "When the kite breeds, look to lesser linen." Cleanliness drove the scavenging kite from London to the loneliness of central Wales, and as the city burst beyond its bounds during the past century, smoke, fog and houses spreading out across the land, the birds found other homes. Only the hardiest of them—the sparrows and pigeons—remained as dowdy parasites on man. Still, there were the sanctuaries of the Royal Parks, and now, with a cleaner sky and an enlightened administration, the birds are being welcomed back to London. Wide, weed-strewn spaces, the bare legacies of bombing, abound with insect life and are an additional inducement to the shyer birds to make their homes within the city's limits. Throughout the year bird-watchers and a bird-loving public can seek delight and knowledge in the wide variety of London's avifauna.

During the last few years bird life in London, and in particular in the Royal Parks, has been carefully observed and recorded by experts of a Committee appointed by the Ministry of Works. In Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens alone the observers have noted the presence of over seventy species, twenty-two of which are known or believed to have nested and bred.

Of these perhaps the owls are the most fascinating. There are five breeding species of British owls. Three of them—the tawny owl, the little owl and, more rarely, the barn owl—have been found in London parks. All of them are of immense benefit to the community, the barn owl in particular accounting for vast numbers of rats and mice. Nowadays it is not at all easy for the owls to flourish; old trees where they might have found holes for nesting are rarely allowed to stand and the barn owl has much searching to do before he finds a comfortable home among the rafters. Our forefathers were wiser than we; they knew their friends among the birds, and "owl-windows" were always included in the barns they built.



The tawny owl, a resident of the London parks.

Not all London birds are as useful as the owls. The timid but destructive wood-pigeon of the countryside has boldly prospered in London. This bird, with the small head and enormous body, is easily distinguished from the common pigeon by its brighter plumage and the white collar patch on either side of its neck. There is a record of over 1,000 grains of wheat taken from the crop of a single wood-pigeon and in another 163 peas were found. A flock of birds with that capacity can wreak havoc on ripening corn and in the market garden. At one time in 1950 a flock estimated at 3,000 were seen feeding on the cultivated fields of Richmond Park.

A HUNGRY MALLARD AT ST. JAMES'S PARK BEGS FOR FOOD DURING A SNOWSTORM: Cold weather often robs the ducks of food from natural sources and few Londoners venture into the parks to feed the hungry birds. This drake tugged at a bird-watcher's trousers in its anxiety to obtain titbits.

A NIGHT-JAR IN RICHMOND PARK DECOYS A DOG WITH THE BROKEN-WING STRATEGY: The night-jar, one of our most useful birds, will often pretend to be wounded and flutter along the ground to decoy an intruder from its nest. The night-jar has returned as a breeding species to Richmond Park.

The dainty and popular blue-tits.

The thousands of starlings roosting in St. James's Park, Trafalgar Square and in the trees along the Embankment to Waterloo Bridge, are one of the sights of modern London. To watch great gusts of them manœuvring in the air before settling on the cornices and window-ledges is an unforgettable experience. Office-workers queueing at bus-stops in the vicinity stare up at the birds roosting in

in the London Parks

During the Past Few Years the Public has Co-operated with Official Bird-watchers in London in Observing the Incidence and Habits of Birds in the Metropolitan Area, and the Royal Parks in Particular. Some of their Reports, with a Commentary, are Recorded here—

By H. C. MILLER

With drawings by T. S. LA FONTAINE

line upon line, squabbling for the best positions before settling down for the night. Some of them have been netted and ringed and by this means it has been established that they spend the daytime feeding far away in the suburbs, returning at dusk to roost in the comparative warmth of inner London.

Starlings in great flocks like this are sometimes useful in case of heavy infestation by insects, but on the whole they are harmful birds. In the countryside they do great damage among the crops, and while their presence on London buildings may be entertaining, their constant pecking at old mortar between the stonework is a considerable menace. On August 12, 1949, a flock of starlings delayed the chiming of Big Ben at 9 p.m. by perching on one of the hands.

But the London parks abound with other birds, useful or harmless as well as attractive. The heron, that gaunt sentinel of the lake- and river-side, has been seen on the Serpentine. In April 1950 the noisy young of twelve nesting pairs in Richmond Park could already be heard. The population of many a goldfish pond has been decimated in the early morning by the long, swift beak of a heron, and he is no friend of the angler. But, in England at least, there are far too few of them to menace the rivers and lakes. They feed, in any case, not only on fish but on frogs and small mammals, like mice. The heron was once a prey for the falconer; now his slender form, standing ghostlike in the shallows, and his great grey wings beating the evening air overhead are a delight to all who love birds.

There are three breeding species of woodpeckers in this country. None of them is common and all of them are to be found in the London parks. Their partiality to woodlice and other such pests has made them firm friends of the farmer and forester. In *Wild Birds and the Land*, published by his Majesty's Stationery Office, the ornithologist F. Howard Lancum, tells the story of a woodpecker that saved a church. A clergyman wrote to the Ministry of Agriculture saying that a green woodpecker had done considerable damage to the woodwork of his church porch. When a local naturalist was called in, he found that the bird had been attracted by death-watch beetles and other wood-boring insects which had riddled the timber.

The green woodpecker, largest of the three species, was once the commonest, but it seems now to be far outnumbered by the great spotted woodpecker, which is recorded as breeding in Kensington Gardens, Hampton Court and Bushy Park and Richmond Park. It is a very handsome bird, about the size of a thrush. On the upper parts it is chiefly black pied with white; the under-parts are dull white and the vent crimson. In the male the nape is also crimson.

Where it is not seen, the great spotted woodpecker is often heard, for it is an accomplished "drummer," and many a stroller in the parks has been startled by the familiar machine-gun rattle of the bird drumming on the bark of a tree. There seems no doubt that the noise is mechanically and not vocally produced, though there has been much controversy over the matter. Ornithologists recognise it as a signal to the bird's mate during the breeding season.

The kestrel and the sparrow-hawk have for long been familiar to bird-watchers in the Royal Parks. On clear days it is not uncommon to see a kestrel hovering in mid-air above the city's green islands, motionless except for the constant balancing movements of tail and wings. The slim sparrow-hawk, that bold robber of the poultry-farm, may surprise you low over the shrubberies, and there is a story of one that took a sparrow off a garden wall just outside Regent's Park. Both the kestrel and the sparrow-hawk have bred in Richmond Park.

Visitors to the Tower of London have always been attracted by the ravens there. After the kite had vanished from London the raven was our principal feathered scavenger, but to-day it is the rarest of the crow family in England. In some districts ravens have a bad reputation for the alleged killing of newly-born lambs, but it is certain that they account for large numbers of rats, mice and other vermin. In the air they are astonishing acrobats and can even fly for short distances on their backs.

Outside the Tower the raven will rarely be seen in London, but he has a popular and more numerous cousin in the brightly-coloured jay, so often seen searching litter-baskets in the parks. The jay is one of our most lovely birds, its wing coverts beautifully barred with black, blue and white. Fifty years ago naturalists would have been startled to find jays in Central London. Now they flourish and breed in the parks and accept tit-bits from passers-by as readily as the pigeons in Trafalgar Square. The jays are noisy birds and excellent mimics.

The lovely jay, which is now well established in the London area.

More than once birds of London have made headline news in the city's newspapers. The common mallard duck, familiar in the lakes of parks all over the country, found nesting-sites in static water-tanks built during the war. Broods of ducklings were recovered from tanks in Victoria Street and Portugal Street and escorted to the safety of the lake in St. James's Park. Two broods were discovered on the roof of the Admiralty Citadel in the Mall and Press photographers were quickly on the scene.

W. H. Hudson, whose *Birds in London* was first published in 1898, would have found nothing to astonish him in this. He reports the mallard nesting frequently in trees. "When the young have been hatched in a tree," he says, "the parent bird takes them in her beak and drops them one by one to the ground, and the fall does not appear to hurt them." "More than once the strange spectacle of a duck leading its newly-hatched brood along the thronged pavements of Kensington High Street has been witnessed."

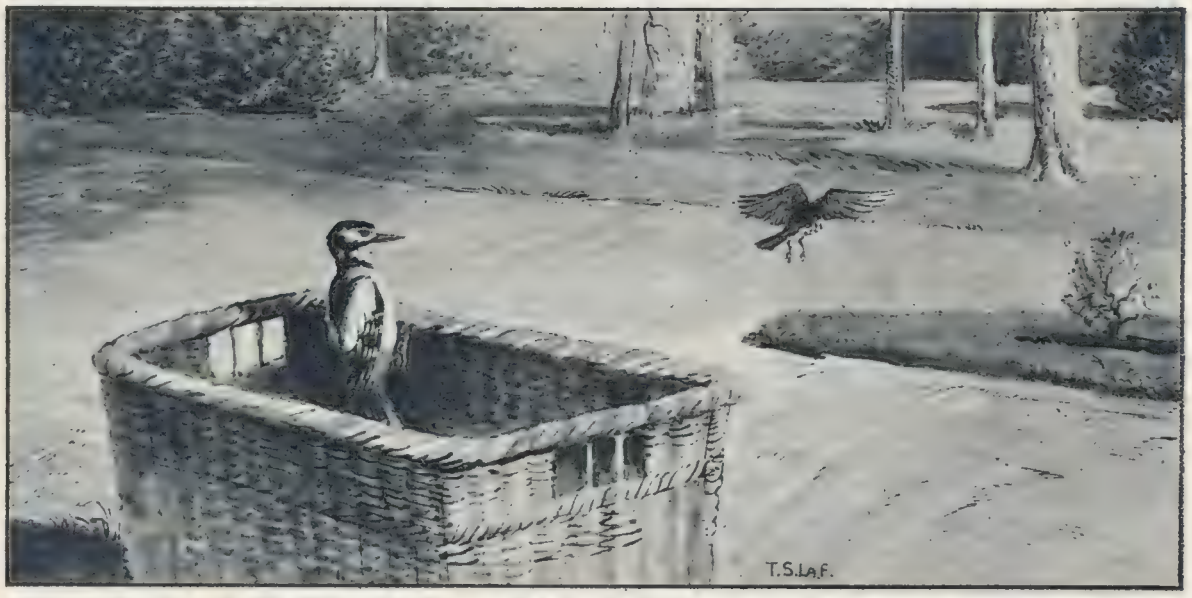
Members of the London Natural History Society have for many years recorded birds in the London area and in recent years have organised inquiries to find out as much as possible about certain species, such as starlings, black-headed gulls and, most interesting of all, tufted ducks. Three tufted ducks, marked in St. James's Park, were recovered in the U.S.S.R., one of them at the mouth of the Obi River, in Siberia, 2,500 miles from London. The politician, perhaps, will find as much to interest him in this as the ornithologist.

But this promising picture of London's bird-life, so diligently recorded, is not free from blemishes. Many birds, it seems, suffer from the depredations of cats, rats and, worst of all, small boys. The swans in particular are persecuted by the young sadist, who uses his sling or a broken bottle to such deadly effect. Nor are youngsters the only offenders. One of the official observers in Regent's Park reports that a swan there hatched five out of a clutch of seven eggs. All five cygnets survived, but their father disappeared. One night, in Baker Street, a friend of the observer saw a man carrying a swan, presumably the cob in question. Incredible as it may sound, the man boarded a No. 2 bus going towards Victoria and took the bird to the top deck. Many curious things happen in London, but it will take a lot to beat that.

Still, London's birds are increasing in number and variety. The useful night-jar, the tufted duck, the wood-lark and the kingfisher have all nested successfully in the parks during the past few years. On the lakes, seagulls of several varieties have found winter quarters and bird-watchers report wild geese, the merlin, the jack-snipe, the great grey shrike and, rarest of all, the hoopoe, as occasional visitors.

These, then, are some of the birds of London. And there are many more besides; birds with enchanting names, like pied wagtail, willow-warbler, mistle-thrush, wheatear, whinchat and lapwing—names redolent of marshland and meadow. And they are there to delight not only the serious naturalist but all who would savour the variety, the richness and the fullness of life.

A PAIR OF MUTE SWANS, WITH THEIR CYGNETS, AT REGENT'S PARK: The story of how the male of this pair was spirited away in a No. 2 bus is told in the accompanying article. For some reason swans have for long been cruelly persecuted by vandals, particularly small boys, and many have been killed or so badly maimed that they had to be destroyed. In addition they suffer much from the destruction of their nests and eggs.



THE GREAT SPOTTED WOODPECKER TURNS SCAVENGER: This female woodpecker at Kew, after repelling the hostile mistle-thrush seen flying off to her brood near by, backed down into the refuse-basket and scavenged for titbits. All three of the breeding species of woodpeckers found in Britain are to be seen—and heard—in the London Parks. Great friends of the farmer and the forester, they account for huge numbers of insects which are harmful to the trees.

FOOTNOTES to the FOOTLIGHTS

Noël Coward and Mary Martin in Cabaret; Ballet on Television; Katherine Dunham at the Cambridge Theatre

NOËL COWARD AND MARY MARTIN AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS: They sang together during the cabaret at the Gala Night in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, of which Coward is president. The annual Theatrical Garden Party has proved so costly to organise (in spite of the free services of the stars) that it has had to face the possibility of a loss, if the weather should be bad. It has, therefore, been decided to give an indoor performance in its place, which will almost certainly make a substantial profit. The new scheme was inaugurated by a highly successful Gala Night at the Café de Paris. Coward opened the show with some of his most popular songs, reminiscent of his tremendously successful cabaret season last November. Mary Martin then took the stage and sang "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." Later, Coward joined her in a duet. Miss Martin, present star of *South Pacific* at Drury Lane, had last appeared in London in Coward's *Pacific* 1860, which had a short run in 1947.

ALFRED LUNT INTRODUCES HIS PRODUCTION OF "COSI FAN TUTTE" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK: The famous American actor has taken on a new role in his stage direction of Mozart's opera. He also appeared on the stage during the production and mimed the lighting of the lamps and the supervising of the ceremonies. Before the performance began, he suggested in dumb show that the audience clear their throats. This third new production of the Metropolitan Opera's season under Rudolf Bing has had a brilliant success, especial praise being given to Mr. Lunt's witty and stylised production and to Rolf Gerard's sets and costumes.

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" BALLET ON TELEVISION: Lycette Darsonval, of the Paris Opera Ballet, with Frank Staff and Lelia Russell in the T.V. version of the ballet, which was produced at the Lime Grove Studios at Shepherd's Bush. The ballet was ingeniously adapted by Cyril Beaumont and the dancing was of a high standard. Mlle Lycette Darsonval was the Princess Aurora; Harold Turner, the Prince Florimund; June Brae, the Lilac Fairy; and the King and Queen were danced by Frank Staff and Lelia Russell.

KATHERINE DUNHAM'S COMPANY RETURNS TO LONDON: *Above*—Lenwood Morris and Jacqueline Walcott dance *The Frevo Carnival*, a North Brazilian dance, which is one of the most effective numbers in this exotic and energetic production at the Cambridge Theatre. *On right*—Miss Dunham and Banoye Aikens perform their version of the *Cake Walk*. Katherine Dunham was last in London three years ago at the Prince of Wales Theatre, when her *Caribbean Rhapsody* was welcomed as a new style of dance show. She returns with her West Indian dancers and a new programme, including Brazilian dances. Miss Dunham is an M.A. of Chicago University; an anthropologist and expert on native and ritual dances.

HURRICANE in the ORKNEYS

Storms of Almost Unprecedented Severity Have Struck the Northern Isles, and There Have Been Heavy Snowfalls in Scotland and the Lake District

During the early hours of the morning of January 15 the Scottish Highlands and islands were swept by the worst gale in living memory. The Orkney Islands lying just north of the extreme tip of the Scottish mainland, bore the brunt of the storm, which left behind a trail of complete devastation. People were left homeless as their wooden houses were scattered about the countryside; haystacks and hen-houses were lifted and blown into the sea. In Orkney a serious blow was struck at poultry-farming, and it is believed that thousands of head of poultry were killed or drowned. Stromness, the hardest hit of the Orkney towns, sent a telegram to the Secretary of State for Scotland, urgently asking for foodstuffs and financial assistance, and Government inspectors were immediately sent to see what could be done. The King and Queen later sent a message of sympathy from Sandringham to the Lord Lieutenant of Orkney. Gusts of wind during the hurricane are believed to have exceeded 120 m.p.h., the highest ever known in the United Kingdom. The previous record was from Pembrokeshire, in South Wales, where the wind reached 113 m.p.h. in January 1945. Meanwhile, farther south, heavy falls of snow have rendered dangerous many important roads in Scotland and the North of England

AN AERIAL VIEW OF TAIT'S BUS GARAGE, AT STROMNESS, ORKNEY, WHICH WAS DEMOLISHED BY THE RECENT HURRICANE: Some of the buses are seen outside the wrecked building, but others lie beneath the debris. No one knows exactly what speed the great winds reached during the storm, for the recording instruments jammed at their maximum—105 m.p.h.—but it is believed that some gusts reached 120 m.p.h.

AFTERMATH OF THE HURRICANE: This 5-ton lorry was thrown on its side after the garage which housed it was reduced to matchwood by the phenomenal gusts of wind. Admiralty installations were badly damaged.

HEN-HOUSES WRECKED BY THE HURRICANE OUTSIDE KIRKWALL: Losses to poultry farmers were heavy; whole hen-houses were blown into the sea and at one farm the entire stock of 3,000 hens was lost.

MORE SNOW IN THE LAKE DISTRICT: A view of heavy traffic crawling carefully on the treacherous Shap Fells, Westmorland, which is considered the worst part of the A.6 main London to Glasgow road. In Scotland and the North of England roads have been blocked by snow.

FEEDING THE SHEEP NEAR BLANKFOOT IN PERTHSHIRE, AFTER A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW: Frozen snow prevents the animals from grazing and supplies of hay have to be taken out to the fields by tractor.

RESTORATION IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

The Appeal for "Canute's Minster" in Essex; Denmark's London Church Nears Completion; Restoring a Bomb-damaged City Steeple; The Restoration of Greenwich Parish Church

Just recently the Right Rev. F. D. V. Narborough, one of the two Bishops-Suffragan in the diocese of Chelmsford, made an appeal on behalf of one of England's oldest parish churches. The church is St. Botolph's, at Hadstock, Essex, the greater part of which was built about forty years before the Norman Conquest. In 1016 A.D., when Canute and the Danes gained a great victory over Edmund Ironside and the English at Assandum, the battle is said to have been fought on the ridge between Ashdon and Hadstock and finished in Hadstock churchyard. Authorities have asserted that this church is the "minster of stone and lime" which Canute and Archbishop Wulfstan hallowed in 1020 for the souls of the men slain in that historic fight. The church is cruciform in shape, and the Saxon columns and capitals are of rare design and ornamentation. The present tower, erected in the course of the fifteenth century, at the west end of the church is cracked so badly that it is a menace to the whole building

ONE OF ENGLAND'S OLDEST PARISH CHURCHES IS IN GREAT NEED OF RESTORATION—ST. BOTOLPH'S, HADSTOCK, NEAR SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX, FOR WHICH THE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER HAS APPEALED FOR FUNDS: A view of the church from the north-west, which dates from about forty years before the Norman Conquest, and which is now in a bad state of repair. One of the church's five bells has been removed from the tower and temporarily rehung on a framework outside the west door.

LOOKING TOWARDS THE ALTAR IN ST. BOTOLPH'S: On the right is the entrance to the fourteenth-century South Transept, now a war memorial. The north doorway dates from 1020 and has a crude "honeysuckle ornament" over its capitals.

A NEW CHURCH FOR DENMARK'S COMMUNITY IN LONDON—THE FORMER BOMB-DAMAGED ROYAL CHAPEL OF ST. KATHERINE, AT REGENT'S PARK, WHICH IS TO BE REOPENED ON MAY 11 BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK: The rebuilding has taken over eighteen months and cost £20,000, most of which has been subscribed by Danes in London. This is the first church to be owned by the Danes in London since the end of the last century. The Community has taken over a fifty-year Crown lease of the chapel. The first Danish church in London was established in 1696, but it fell into disrepair at the end of the last century. Then for some time the Danes used the Queen's Chapel at Marlborough House, until that was damaged by bombing in 1944. The stained-glass window at the east end of St. Katherine's Chapel commemorates Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee in 1887.

THE PRECINCTS OF ST. KATHERINE'S, REGENT'S PARK: Adjoining buildings have been converted into a pastor's residence and a caretaker's flat. To equip St. Katherine's it is hoped to bring from the Danish Museum, in Copenhagen, furnishings from old Danish churches. The service on May 11 will be conducted by the Bishop of Copenhagen.

PREPARING FOR THE RE-ERECTION OF A LONDON STEEPLE—WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE TOWER OF ST. DUNSTAN-IN-THE-EAST : During the course of work on the tower the steeple was dismantled and placed in sections in the nave of the ruined church.

THE NUMBERED SECTIONS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S STEEPLE LAID OUT IN THE NAVE : Some of the damaged stone is to be renewed and the iron tie-rods replaced by copper. The bells of St. Dunstan's were also lodged in the nave until they were rehung in the rebuilt tower. The church, built by Wren some 300 years ago, was badly damaged in 1940. It was announced in 1950 that St. Dunstan-in-the-East had been "adopted" by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning (now the Ministry of Housing and Local Government) as a national monument. St. Dunstan-in-the-East is designated as a parish church under the new plan for the reorganisation of the City Churches.

PART OF THE RUINS OF THE PRIORY OF ST. PANCRAS, AT LEWES : The Corporation recently became owner of that part of the ruins lying south of the railway, and it is hoped that with the co-operation of the Friends of Lewes, a new society, further deterioration of masonry may now be prevented.

On left—

Preserving one of the ancient ruins of Lewes. During the past two years work has been going ahead to make safe the ruins of the 900-year-old Priory of St. Pancras, at Lewes, in Sussex. Much of the masonry was destroyed when the railway was cut through the site, and trees and ivy growing through and on the old walls have hastened the ravages of age. Last summer the Pilgrim Trust gave £1,500 to Lewes Corporation to assist in the preservation of the still extensive and remarkable remains, and with the recent formation of the Friends of Lewes society it is hoped that the years of neglect may now abruptly be brought to an end. It will be the object of the Friends of Lewes not only to assist in preserving these ruins but, in general, to arouse local interest in the town and its setting, and to preserve in its architecture and environs all that is best of the past. Lewes stands on a hill which is crowned by the ruins of the old castle, long cared for by the Sussex Archæological Society, and the Corporation also owns the lovely Elizabethan house, Southover Grange, which is built of stone from the Priory ruins

A VIEW OF ST. ALPHEGE, THE PARISH CHURCH OF GREENWICH, WHICH IS BEING RESTORED AFTER WARTIME DAMAGE : Among the many features of the church which were destroyed or damaged by bombing were the Grinling Gibbons pulpit and capitals, the apse painted by Sir John Thornhill and the beautiful wrought-iron communion rails by Tijou.

On right and *on left*—

Restoration work on the interior of the Greenwich Parish Church of St. Alphege, London, destroyed by enemy action in March 1941, has now been in progress for two years and it is hoped to complete it in time for re-dedication in April 1953. The church, one of fifty erected by order of Queen Anne, was consecrated in September 1718, the architect being Nicholas Hawksmoor, one of Wren's best-known pupils. Its history goes back to the twelfth century, its first vicar being appointed in 1189. The remains of General Wolfe were interred in the family vault in the crypt, and Henry VIII was baptised at St. Alphege's. The church takes its name from an early Archbishop of Canterbury, said to have been murdered by the Danes on the spot where the building now stands. The original church collapsed in a storm in November 1710, and the present building is a fine example of the style for which Wren is famous. The tower incorporates part of the tower of the old church, and was added by John James, another of Wren's pupils.

RESTORATION WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE CHURCH OF ST. ALPHEGE, GREENWICH : The galleries of the church are now being rebuilt and the heavy oak panelling restored. Much of the fine ceiling mouldings have already been completed. £9,000 more will be required before the work can be completed.

WINTER SPORTS IN FULL SWING

Some Recent Pictures from Switzerland, Norway, France and Italy

ON A SUNDAY MORNING IN SESTRIERES—THE CAR PARKS ARE FILLED WITH CARS AND COACHES WHICH HAVE BROUGHT SKIERS FROM THE NEIGHBOURING TOWNS : Sestrieres, situated among the Turin Alps, has perhaps the most smoothly organised ski-ing facilities of any resort in Europe. At the finishing point of each principal run there is a bus service back to Sestrieres, and there are also bus services to and from the cable-way stations. Sestrieres, as a rule, enjoys a long season of excellent snow conditions from early November until the end of April, and even in this rather poor vintage year for skiers in Middle Europe conditions have been fairly satisfactory. In Switzerland snow conditions have up to the time of writing been the worst for some years, and in some resorts grass has been jutting through the snow.

THE CURLERS OF DUNDEE PLAY THE CURLERS OF ZERMATT : In play is Mr. Douglas Percival, the British manager of the Zermatt Curling Club, and also in the picture are M. Candrian, President of the Zermatt Club, George Doig, doyen of Swiss curling, and Mr. P. K. M. Smith, Vice-President of the Dundee Curlers. Zermatt, most southerly of the Swiss resorts, standing close to the Italian border, caters for every kind of winter sport, and curlers are particularly favoured by the help of M. Candrian and Mr. Percival, who have taught so many visitors the famous game.

ON THE ICE AT ZERMATT : A curling match in progress. The visit of the Dundee Curlers during the present season has aroused much interest, and the Scottish players have had some hard games with the teams from Zermatt and Berne. Zermatt's well patronised winter sports season often lasts until late May

NO WONDER THE NORWEGIANS ARE CHAMPION SKATERS : Most of the children who are old enough spend every spare moment on skates or on skis, and in mid-winter in Bergen the main square is filled with children on Saturdays and Wednesdays, when the square is flooded and used as a free ice-rink. Adults are not allowed on the ice, thus enabling the children to have a free run of the place and to stand or fall by their own endeavours.

A BATTLE OF THE SNOWS OUTSIDE THE SAASERHOF CHALET AT SAAS FE : This Swiss resort, in the Canton of Valais, is attracting hosts of British visitors this year, as snow conditions, in contrast to those in many other parts of Switzerland, have been particularly good. Many boys and girls go to Saas Fe each season under the organisation of Sir Henry Lunn. They are accommodated in good hotels and receive instruction from Switzerland's best teachers, men, for the most part, who have gained international honours.

CURLING IN THE SHADOW OF THE GIANTS OF THE ALPS: A match in progress between the Dundee and Zermatt clubs on one of the rinks at Zermatt. In the background, amid the swirling clouds of the high Alps, can be seen the familiar outlines of the Matterhorn. January is not the height of the Zermatt season. That comes at the end of February, when long days of almost certain perfect weather and excellent snow conditions prevail.

HEADING ALMOST STRAIGHT FOR THE CAMERA AT 60 M.P.H.: This dramatic picture, showing Bill Bracken, one of the most celebrated exponents of the art of ski-ing, leading his pupil, David Chapman, a master at Eton, was taken recently at Zermatt. Bracken is not only a first-class ski-runner, but a brilliant teacher. He started the ski schools at both Murren and Davos, and was in charge of them for several years. One of his most notable successes as a teacher was with Miss Evie Pinching, who won the world championship at Innsbruck. The Duke of Windsor and the late King Albert of the Belgians were also his pupils.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPION ANDY LAWRENCE-MEAD WINNING THE GIANT SLALOM AT GRINDELWALD: Many of the world's top-ranking women skiers took part in this and other races at Grindelwald, which really constituted preliminary trials for the coming Winter Olympiad. Second in the Giant Slalom was the French girl Andree Bermond-Tournier, and Trude Jochum-Beiser, of Austria, was third. While the women were competing at Grindelwald, the top-ranking men skiers were at Wengen, taking part in the Lauberhorn contest.

AUSTRIA'S WOMAN CHAMPION, TRUDE JOCHUM-BEISER, WINNING THE WOMEN'S DOWNHILL EVENT AT GRINDELWALD: She was followed home by Jeanette Burr, of the United States, and Andy Lawrence-Mead, also of the United States, who later triumphed in the Giant Slalom.

LIZZI KLADENSKI, OF AUSTRIA, WINNER OF THE 10-KILOMETRES LONG-DISTANCE RACE AT GRINDELWALD ORGANISED BY THE SWISS LADIES' SKI CLUB: Miss Kladenski beat the two Swedish specialists, Anna Standberg and Harriet Erikson, with a Yugoslavian and Italian in fourth and fifth places respectively.

WILL THE CITY HAVE TO BAN CARS?

Increasing Congestion in London; and Other Motoring News of the Moment

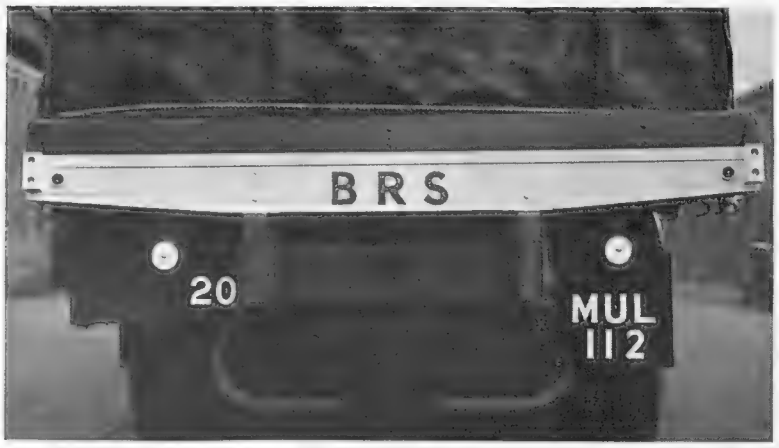
BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

TRAFFIC congestion in Central London gets worse and worse, and it 's the same in most other big cities. One of these days the traffic flow in the West End or the City will break down altogether and there will be a hold-up of such magnitude that Authority will be forced to the reluctant conclusion that something really drastic must be done.

Perhaps the "yellow band" streets point the way. Perhaps there will be a total prohibition of parking by private cars in the streets of Central London. Or will they ban private cars altogether from, say, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.? (An all-out ban on parking would almost produce that effect, anyway.)

The late Government is said to have toyed with the idea of excluding cars from the innermost streets of London during the Festival of Britain, but in the end shied away from taking such an unpopular decision. The farthest they went was when Mr. Herbert Morrison advised motorists to leave their cars outside the inner zone during the Festival.

A clue as to how the official mind may be working over this worsening problem of traffic hold-ups may have been given the other day by Alderman Sir Frederick Wells when fining a motorist 40s. for obstructing a street off Leadenhall Market. He said that type of offence must end "or the time will come when nobody will be allowed to bring a car into the City at all."



NEW PRECAUTIONS ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY: From now on, new British Road Services vehicles will, in the interests of additional safety, be fitted with two rear lights, as seen in this picture, each showing a larger red orifice, with two separately wired lamps in each and special filaments to reduce risk of failure. In addition, red reflectors will be fitted to each side and a white area will be painted at the rear of each vehicle. There are more than 40,000 British Road Services vehicles on the road, many of which, although complying with present safety regulations, are not up to the standard of rear lighting considered desirable by the Road Haulage Executive. These particular vehicles will be dealt with as fast as materials can be obtained in the market.

The Utility Car.—There is much speculation going on just now about the possibility of one of our big car-producing firms marketing a "utility" car. It has even been hinted that the "baby" car on which Sir John Black's Triumph Motor Co. is reported to be working, and in which Mr. Harry Ferguson is said to be interested, may pioneer in this field.

Personally, I don't think we shall see such a car for some time, though I think there would be a considerable market for a low-cost runabout in this country. France has shown the way with her little twin-cylinder, air-cooled Citroën, which has a canvas roof, canvas seats—and a fantastic economy of operation. I understand they are becoming very popular in the country districts of France, but are not so fashionable in the big cities and towns.

I doubt if even one of the Big Six could get the price of a utility car—of a design acceptable to British motorists—down to less than £250 with the cost of labour and materials what it is to-day. Remember the 1935 8-h.p. Ford? It was Britain's first £100 saloon. To-day it is listed at £307, and you have to pay £172 purchase tax on top of that. The other British 8-h.p. cars now cost as follows: Austin Seven £340, plus £190 tax; Morris Minor £373, plus £208 tax.

The Unhappy Price Trend.—It is a sad commentary on the times, by the way, that the price of the new Austin Seven has gone up £23 since it was first announced last autumn—and before it has gone into production!

There are people who say that when things are normal and there is a reasonable pool of good second-hand cars at sane prices, the average motorist would rather pay £350 for a used car in good condition than £250 for a new "utility" car.

That may be true, by and large, but I should want to know what the so-called utility runabout was going to be like before I started to dogmatise on that point. A point that has an important bearing on the matter is the steeply rising cost of motoring in Britain. The Automobile Association recently issued some startling figures, which were commented on in the *Daily Mail*. They show that the cost of running a small family car has more than doubled since 1938.

According to A.A. engineers, who work the thing out very carefully, it costs 7.04d. a mile to-day to run a 12-h.p. car for 10,000 miles a year compared with 3.29d. a mile fourteen years ago. These figures cover running costs (petrol, oil, maintenance and repairs) and standing charges (tax, insurance, garage rent, interest on capital and depreciation). Quite reasonably, the A.A. included the £2 2s. annual A.A. subscription under the heading "Running costs"! This particular item of motoring expenditure is probably the only thing that has not gone up since long before the war.

Here is a list of some of the items that *have* gone up. My figures relate to a 10-h.p. car.

	1938 £ s. d.	1952 £ s. d.
Petrol (per gall.) ..	0 1 6½	0 3 7¼
Oil (per pint)	0 1 1	0 1 7½
De-coking ..	2 10 0	6 0 0
Full lubrication service	0 7 6	0 12 6
Road tax ..	7 10 0	10 0 0
Insurance (comprehensive tariff policy)	12 7 6	17 10 3
Tyres (each)	2 2 0	5 15 0
12-volt battery ..	4 19 0	12 6 8

Running expenses apart, the biggest increase in the cost of motoring has been the vicious purchase tax, and I was glad to see that Mr. Reginald Hanks, who comes next to the boss in the Nuffield Organisation, came out pretty strongly the other day in denouncing the tax.

Commenting on the new Nuffield prices, Mr. Hanks said: "The time has come when the Government should seriously consider a reduction in the high rate of purchase tax on cars. The increase in our actual showroom prices is fractional compared with the enormous purchase tax increase.

"The position is becoming ludicrous when higher wages and dearer raw materials cause an increase of about one-third, whereas revenue from purchase tax pours into the coffers of the Treasury, in some cases at three times the rate it did in 1948."

A Road Safety Job.—Road safety can be bracketed with soaring prices and costs as talking-point No. 1 in motoring to-day, and I was glad to get the chance recently of visiting an establishment where more is probably done in the cause of road safety than anywhere else. I refer to the Road Research Laboratory's place at Langley Village, Bucks, where teams of scientists under Dr. R. J. Smeed work on problems relating to traffic and road safety in general.

The Laboratory is an offshoot of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and it has another station at Harmondsworth, Middlesex (at the side of the Colnbrook by-pass). Here, too, the Director of Road Research, who is head of the Laboratory, has his office. He is Dr. W. H. Glanville.

The scientific teams working at Langley are mainly concerned with vehicles, lighting, statistics, skidding and traffic flow. I was shown round Langley Hall—where the orphans of actors were cared for before the war—by Dr. H. Starks, whose special studies relate to vehicles, including their behaviour, design, construction and performance.

I asked Dr. Starks to list for me the problems he and his colleagues are chiefly concerned with to-day and to put them in the order of the priority they are receiving. He gave them as follows: Pedestrian crossings, head-lamp dazzle, rear lights, braking, slippery roads, London traffic congestion, motor-cycles, power-assisted pedal cycles.

These Langley safety experts have a good deal of experimental equipment, including models which cannot fail to be a source of great fun to the layman who is privileged to operate them. I was particularly interested in what they called their street-lighting model. It consisted of a large, square-shaped, box-like structure with a peep-hole in one side of it. When you look through this little eyepiece you see a suburban road stretching ahead of you, complete with overhead lamps, pedestrian crossings and jay-walkers.

There is a little knob near the peep-hole with which you can vary the intensity of the street lighting and see its effect on the road surface, which is made of different materials to show which are most free from glare. But the thing I liked most of all about this model is the way you can make the street actually bend before your very eyes by moving a little lever. "Yes," they said in answer to the obvious query, "it 's all done by mirrors!"

Dr. Smeed spoke very highly of the degree of co-operation extended to the Laboratory by the police forces all over the country, and he cited the help they have given on the subject of car brakes. Thousands of motorists have been stopped at many different places by uniformed police officers, who invited the drivers to let them test their brakes, making it quite clear that no risk of prosecution was involved.

"Those tests have been invaluable in giving us a detailed picture of the condition of the brakes fitted to a cross-section of the country's car population," said Dr. Smeed. "Only one in 500 of the motorists stopped have refused to allow their brakes to be tested."

An analysis of the results of these tests is illuminating—and a little frightening. A car with perfect brakes can stop in 45 ft. when travelling at 30 miles an hour. On the average the cars tested could stop in 70 ft. Ten per cent. needed 100 ft. and 1 per cent. had hardly any brakes at all. If this analysis is applied to the whole of the country's licensed vehicles—roughly, 3,000,000—it means that 300,000 of them take 100 ft. to pull up from 30 m.p.h.; and that 30,000 are really lethal weapons.

THEY TOOK A WRONG TURNING: Two American soldiers, stationed at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, drove into Boston to celebrate New Year's Eve, and inadvertently took a short cut near the Boston Opera House and travelled for a mile along the Boston Underground Railway system. Eventually they came to a halt at this rail junction, in full view of intending passengers on one of the station platforms. From that stage onwards the Boston police force took a hand in affairs, but it was some time before order was restored on the much upset subway system.

Mr. Lord Goes to Australia.—Last week representatives of the motor trade and journalists gathered together to hear Mr. Leonard Lord speak on the eve of his departure for Australia where, no doubt, he will soon be winning new support for his great organisation. He spoke wittily, sincerely and well, expressing his firm belief in Britain's industrial bouyancy in a world of steel stringency.

THE CENSUS SENTRIES TAKE THEIR STAND AT CLAPHAM SOUTH: These men were recording the flow of pedestrian traffic outside the tube station in Wandsworth, South London, following strong complaints from local residents regarding road safety in this area. The census was being taken in order to decide whether a zebra crossing would be justified.

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EXPLORING IN NYASALAND

The Profound and Lucid Account of People, Animals and Adventures Encountered During an Official Visit to East Africa

IT is supposed to be a fatal thing to judge a person by his reaction to a book or a piece of music or even (I once knew a man who had this particular standard) by a funny story. Nevertheless I shall watch and wait with unusual interest to see how my friends and acquaintances react to Mr. Laurens van der Post's VENTURE TO THE INTERIOR (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.), which is a book of travel and exploration, on the physical and geographical plane, and a record of intellectual and spiritual experiences on the intangible plane.

Briefly, and with a terseness that would be misleading to anyone who has not read the book, it is an account of a journey by air from London to Nyasaland, made at the request of the British Government in order to explore some little-known territory there, and the consequent trips, arduous and often dangerous, in the country itself. During these weeks, Colonel van der Post, who is himself a South African, met quantities of British colonial officials, Africans, half-castes, Europeans and animals, including a lion and a panther or two. All of them are described with the same admirable objectivity, and all of them without prejudice. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to say that this author's approach is invariably one of friendliness, whether to human beings, official problems, mountain villages, rock precipices or galloping zebras. Life must be pondered, and there are some philosophical passages in this book that are both profound and lucid; but life must also be savoured, even when it is perilous, and it is here that the author's very special quality shows.

To Mr. Spike Hughes music is not so much the food of love as the food of life, and playing it, recording it, conducting it or simply listening to it has been the major interest so far in his forty-odd years of life. I say "so far," but it seems unlikely that what is more a dedication than a taste, and more of a preoccupation than a hobby will ever change at this stage into a frenzy of stamp-collecting or an all-absorbing passion for Runic inscriptions. SECOND MOVEMENT (Museum Press. 16s.) is the second volume in Mr. Hughes' autobiography and, since it takes the writer and the reader no nearer the present day than the early '30's, it is more than possible that there will be a third volume. I can truthfully say that if there is, I hope I shall be here to enjoy it, for as a writer of personal sketches, whether they deal amusingly or disconcertingly with himself, or in the same manner with Toscanini, Noël Coward, Benny Goodman, "Bumps" Greenbaum or Sir William Walton, these memoirs are as fresh and spirited as any I have read for months, and only as egotistic as 999 out of 1,000 must be.

A private hotel near Hampstead, run by an excellent woman who has a kindly interest in her clients or lodgers, may be an excellent forcing-house for confidences, but in his new novel Mr. Ernest Raymond shows that nevertheless, and even at such necessarily close quarters, a character may guard its anonymity and its secret. A CHORUS ENDING (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is a dramatic story, well and dramatically told, and it has something of the impact that a reconstruction of an actual and notorious crime might give. It is by no means a murder mystery or a *roman policier*, but it could be called a psychological thriller, and it should certainly be added that it is a good one.

Among the company in the superior boarding-house are a timid spinster of uncertain age, and a retired Civil Servant. She has no apparent interest outside the local church and an occasional visit to the Oxford Street shops; he is a sensible, loquacious type, who is a self-appointed student of the neighbourhood's history. Both he and another, younger lodger decide at an early stage that the lady is one whom love has passed by and who must have lived a life of unadventurous conformity. They expect her to be horrified at the details of an old but local murder, and she dutifully shudders. What they, in their complacent omniscience overlook, is that it was she who was once arrested as an accessory after the fact in that very crime.

PEARL WEDDING (Hutchinson. 15s.) is Mr. Stephen McKenna's new novel, the latest, in fact, in his long and impressive list. It is also pretty long in itself, and I cannot deny that there were moments when I wished that the author had kept a blue pencil a little handier to his writing-desk. The plan of the novel is to show fifty years in the life of a talented Englishman, and the three women who are most influential, for good or bad, in his life. Mr. McKenna is perfectly capable of handling a complicated assignment of this kind and does so with smoothness and a certain elegance, but for the first chapters it is difficult to distinguish between the various loving ladies, who are equally faceless and, as far as the novelist seems concerned, hairless and figureless, although one may imagine that was not Mr. McKenna's intention.

Mr. Guy Rawlence has used that familiar but not unpleasing device of following a various and contrasted group of people, all living in the same cathedral city, through the course of a summer's day. THE PASSING DAY (Constable. 10s. 6d.) is a tranquil but not a tepid novel and there are some agreeable touches in the author's drawing of the scatter-brained painter of gnomes and delphiniums, saving up to go for her first trip to Italy; the serene old Canon, dying in the cathedral's shadow; the rebellious little shop-girl and the proud young couple with their first baby.

WHITHER THOU GOEST (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is one of Mrs. Kathleen Foyle's placid novels of Ulster life, this time as it affects and is affected by young men and women coming back from the wars, from Japanese prison camps and from active service all over the world. There is not one character here, even to a Sealyham puppy, that is not entirely credible, and if there is not one whose exploits make our pulses race faster, that, too, is credible. Many of us, in fact most of us, can claim to understand the everyday, but only a few of us can express it in words without making it banal or tedious. Mrs. Foyle is one who has this exceptional talent and, although her books may never set Lough Erne on fire, I predict that they will continue to have their own fastidious public.

Elizabeth D'Oyley's historical novel, THE MIRED HORSE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), provides the sharpest of contrasts. It treats of young Mary, Queen of Scots, during the first years of her imprisonment in England, and of her desperate efforts to escape, possibly through marriage with Don John of Austria, or the Duke of Norfolk, or, indeed, anyone eligible who would set her free to pursue her vengeance on her enemies. Elizabeth, we know, was the most formidable of enemies, but it is with the young Duke of Norfolk and not with his Sovereign that the novelist is concerned here, that same man who wrote: "I . . . have sped like a mired horse—the further he plungeth, the further he is mired."

DETECTIVES ALL—LEADING MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH DETECTIVE ASSOCIATION, WHO MET RECENTLY AT THEIR TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING IN LONDON AND DECIDED TO TRY TO OBTAIN A CHARTER LAYING DOWN A CODE OF CONDUCT FOR THE PROFESSION: From left to right in this picture, taken at the Waldorf Hotel, are: Mrs. F. Nichols, the only woman present, Mr. Frank Nichols, the Secretary, Mr. S. J. Scott, of Liverpool, the new President, Mr. T. P. Jacks, Mr. F. C. V. Bates, Mr. J. Battersby, the Vice-President, and Mr. J. R. Stodhart. The Association wishes to raise the status of the private detective, and it is hoped that the charter will do this. The Association, however, has decided not to proceed with its Parliamentary Bill, drafted last year, which would require every private detective to register with his town or county council.

Mr. Oliver Onions has written another novel of the Middle Ages, in A PENNY FOR THE HARP (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), and it has the poetical prose (which, curiously enough, is not a contradiction in terms) that has made him a master of this kind of imaginative history. More than that, he has a real and intense feeling, which is so vivid it might come under the heading of necromancy, for centuries gone by. Mr. Ford Madox Ford had it, and his early books were enchanted with it. Mr. Onions has a comparable magic, though he deflects his rays to a different scene, and this is an unknown valley between Wales and England and again in the Middle Ages. This book may be caviare to the general, but then, how good caviare can be.

Six Books for Specialists

THE TRUE BELIEVER (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) *is a startling and instructive report on the nature of mass movements by Eric Hoffer. Another book from the same publishers is* **SPEAKING OF MAN** (15s.). *A Psychiatrist's Credo by Abraham Myerson.*

No. 42 *in the International Psycho-Analytical Library is James Strachey's translation of* **SIGMUND FREUD ON DREAMS** (Hogarth Press. 9s. 6d.).

The final conclusions on Sexual Knowledge by Havelock Ellis is John Gawsworth's edited edition of **SEX AND MARRIAGE** (Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.).

Two new additions to the International Library of Theatre and Cinema are **COMPOSING FOR THE FILMS** (Dennis Dobson. 12s. 6d.), *by Hanns Eisler, and* **THE SEAGULL,** *produced by Stanislavsky* (Dennis Dobson. 25s.). *The latter book is edited by Professor S. D. Balukhaty.*

MESSRS. BECKFORD, CROCKFORD and THICKNESSE

Stories of Eccentricity and Acquisitiveness

Three somewhat bizarre personalities who had their roots in the eighteenth-century days of privilege command attention by reason of new volumes; firstly, that querulous customer Philip Thicknesse, no doubt correctly described as the most quarrelsome man of his day, whom Philip Gosse has written about under the title of DR. VIPER (Cassell. 21s.). Secondly, in TWO PLEASURES FOR YOUR CHOOSING (The Falcon Press. 12s. 6d.), a biographical novel, Connery Chappell describes the world of William Crockford, the most spectacular gambler of his age, who left behind him a fortune prised from half the aristocracy of England. In the third place, there is Guy Chapman's BECKFORD (Rupert Hart-Davis. 18s.), a new edition of "the standard biography" of the great eccentric of Fonthill, who, like Crockford, created an enduring legend.

Of the three men Thicknesse is the least known to-day, but he would seem to deserve a wider fame, for he could claim with some truth to have been the discoverer of Gainsborough, and he was a writer of travel books which were much read and greatly admired. During a long and active life, Philip Thicknesse met and quarrelled with a multitude of interesting people, and he wrote down and published all his squabbles without the least regard for the law of libel, or, it must be said, for common decency. Bath was Thicknesse's favourite resort, and there he indulged to the full the ungentle art of making enemies. At Bath gossip raged, and where there was gossip there was Thicknesse, with both ears cocked and a notebook in his pocket. No less entertaining, however, are the extracts from Dr. Viper's journal during a journey by two-wheeled cabriolet through the length of France and into Spain, taking the Rhône Valley route through Lyons to Avignon, and so on to Cette and Montpellier. With him went his wife, his two children, and in the locker at the back of the cabriolet his bass viol, two guitars and a fiddle, not forgetting a large wooden drinking-bowl for the horse. Mrs. Thicknesse's pet parakeet and Jocko the monkey were also passengers on this memorable journey, which, in the telling, is pleasantly at contrast with the more vituperative passages of the Viper chronicle.

Connery Chappell's novel centring round the acquisitive William Crockford, the calculating fishmonger's son who ruled the gaming world as Beau Nash ruled Bath, makes entertaining enough reading, even though the subject is far from elevating and the personality of the man is but shadowy. Crockford, starting with nothing but his wits, "won the whole of the ready money of the then existing generation," made gambling an art and bookmaking an exact science, and he had a flair for catering on the highest scale, which no doubt kept his victims in good heart for the next plunge. Connery Chappell includes in his story most of the legends which have survived regarding Crockford, and he has managed to build up a most convincing portrait, despite the rather daunting fact that account books have sometimes been the sole sources of information.

Guy Chapman's biography of William Beckford of Fonthill now appears in a second edition, fifteen years after the first edition, and it is welcome indeed. When it was first published, Mr. Chapman claimed that it was a work of detection rather than biography, for the eccentric Beckford not only posed as a man of mystery, but deliberately falsified many of the documents he left behind him, setting a truly complicated trail for posterity. We can only marvel again at the way in which Mr. Chapman has followed this trail regarding this curious character who divided opinion in his own and subsequent generations. Mr. Chapman sums Beckford up as "one of the less pleasant characters in English literary history, but one who had something of the fire of genius." Beckford's best memorial, perhaps, is his *History of the Caliph Vathek*, the oriental romance which he wrote in French, a product of luxuriant imagination, as fantastic in its own way as the Gothic towers of Beckford's Fonthill.

John Evelyn, the diarist, like Beckford, did quite a lot of adroit sub-editing. For posterity's sake he tampered with his correspondence with the remarkable Margaret Godolphin, and the result is that the pattern of events has been obscured. In JOHN EVELYN AND MRS. GODOLPHIN (Macmillan. 20s.) W. G. Hiscocks presents the surviving letters, which are now published for the first time, and reveal important aspects of the relationship between the devout Evelyn and the young and sensitive Maid of Honour.

An interesting new biography is Stanley Jackson's THE LIFE AND CASES OF MR. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS (Odhams. 15s.). Here the author traces the spectacular career of this great authority on the criminal law, with the Oscar Wilde case, the trials of Crippen and Seddon, and the Thompson and Bywaters trial providing the highlights.

For students and connoisseurs of art, Eric Newton's TINTORETTO (Longmans. 50s.) is an admirable survey written in terms of our own times. Ruskin, it is said, discovered Tintoretto for the nineteenth century; perhaps it falls to Mr. Newton's lot to discover this passionately prolific and disturbingly original artist for the twentieth century.

ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR HAWKINS

"I regret to inform you, sir, that the house was burgled in the night. Broke in through the dining-room window, sir — an amateurish job."

"*What's missing, Hawkins?*"

"Nothing irreplaceable, sir. It appears that the intruder was in a rather irresponsible mood. He left his shoes on the sideboard and his hat on the candelabra."

"*The plot thickens! I've a strong suspicion that he nearly drank us out of gin and Rose's.*"

"How did you know, sir?"

"*Bring me what's left of the Rose's Lime Juice, and I will make a statement which may assist you in your investigations . . . And Hawkins — remind me not to forget my latchkey in future.*"

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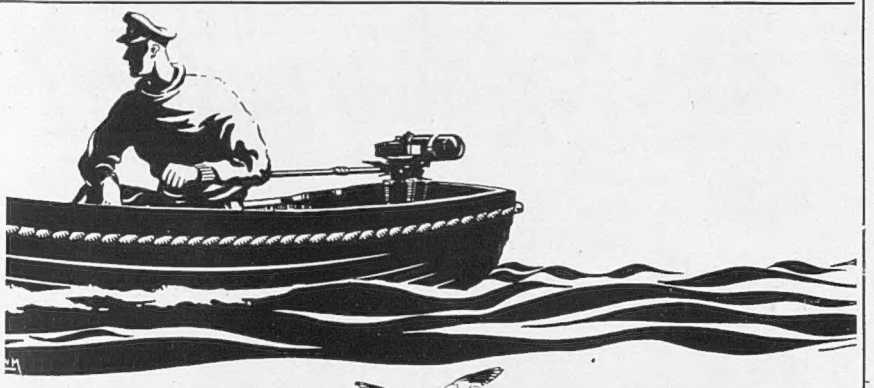

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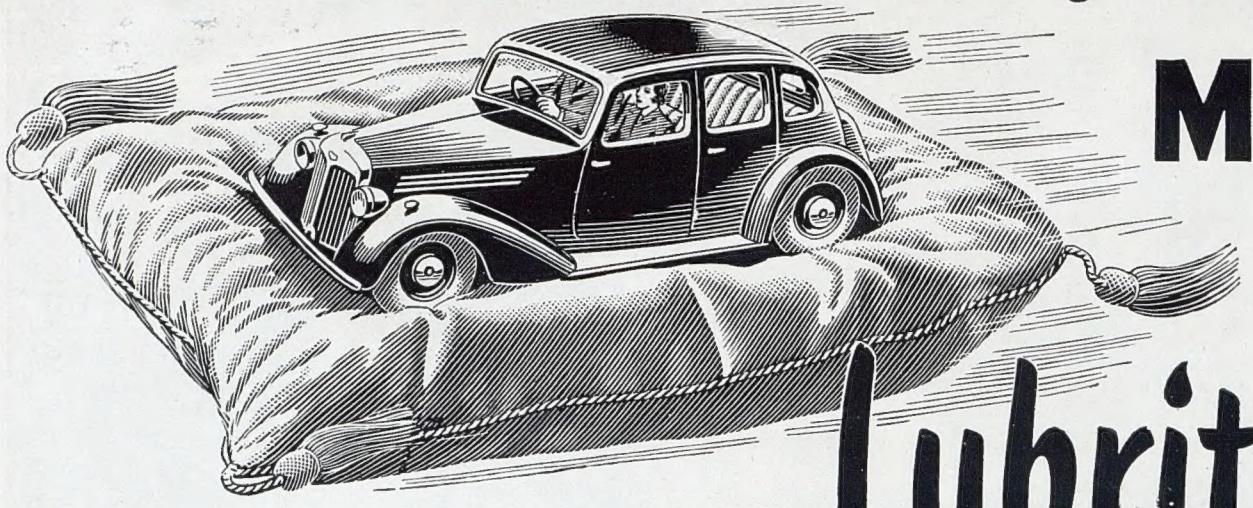

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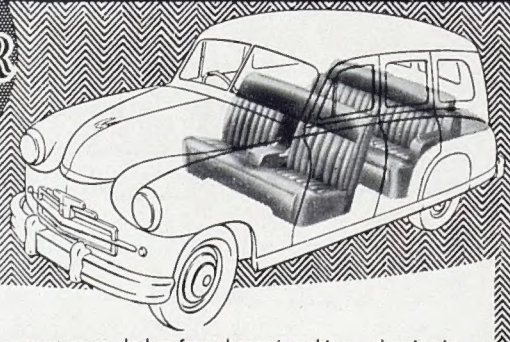

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